

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 809

Week Ending
SEPTEMBER 22, 1934

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d

A LOST SHIP SEEN AGAIN

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THE LITTLE WONDER LOOKING DOWN

GREAT SIGHTS FOR THE AUTOGIRO MEN

Above the World's Greatest
City and Over Lonely Antarctica

DAYLIGHT COMES FOR ADMIRAL BYRD

One of the little wonders of the world is the autogiro, the aeroplane that will take off from a short run, climb straight upward, and hover in the air suspended by three revolving blades over the boat-shaped body which lacks the wide familiar wings.

This amazing machine comes into the news in these days at both ends of the world, in the heart of its busiest city and in the infinite solitude of the vast Antarctic continent. Millions of people have gazed up at it hovering over London; how many, we wonder, watched it soaring in Antarctica.

Studying Traffic Blocks

Police officers formed the crew of the autogiro over London, studying the streams of traffic to learn how to relieve the great blocks which cause such loss of time and money to the city's millions. But it is floating ice and slow-moving glacier that the observers in the Antarctic look down upon, for one of the purposes for which the autogiro was taken south was to study the movements of those ice packs which have been moving over land and sea ever since the Earth grew cool.

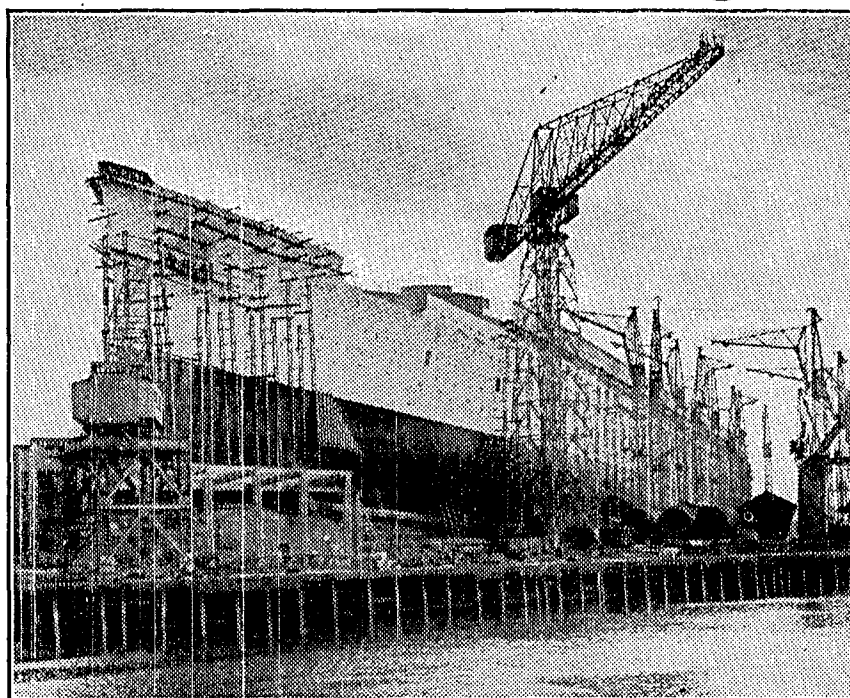
This autogiro is part of the equipment of Admiral Byrd's expedition in Little America. During the long winter night it has been stored away, but the Sun has now returned and the American scientists have become busy in the open air again. A month ago the temperature was 71 degrees below zero, and though it has not yet passed the zero mark William McCormick, one of the party, has been up in the autogiro, reaching a height of over 7000 feet.

The Ice Packs

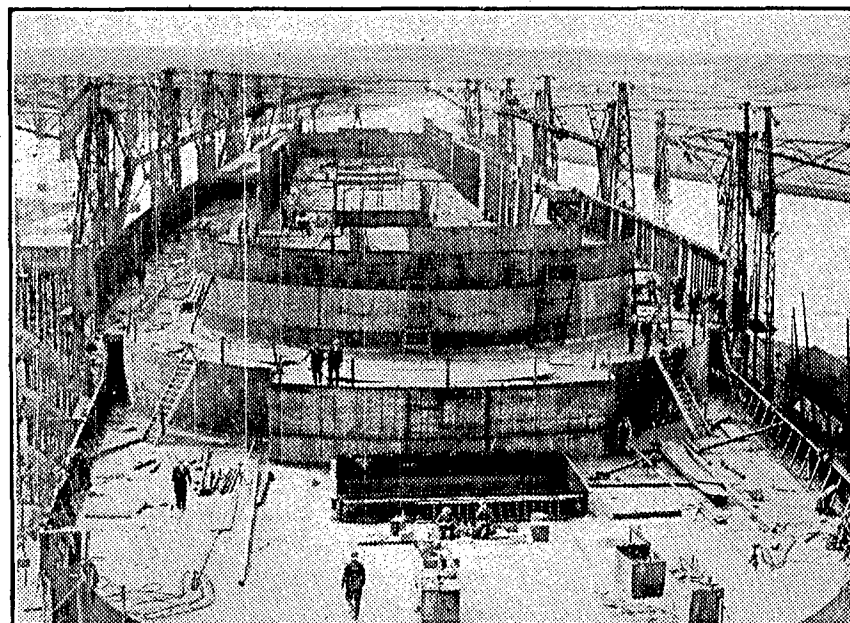
Below him lay the snowbound land and away on the horizon he saw gleaming in the rays of the welcome sun the new ice which had formed round the Bay of Whales. From its extent he gathered that the Ross Sea was not closed by fresh ice in winter, as is generally believed, but remains an open sea, and that its ice packs have been broken off the great ice barrier or thawed from the shores of the coastal bays.

The discovery was made on his first vertical flight over the camp. As the Sun rises higher in its never-ending summer journey round the horizon the scientists will make expeditions farther afield, using this marvellous little machine for surveying the unknown regions of the continent which lie behind their camp by the sea.

A Giant in the Making



The new liner 534, which will be launched next week



Looking down on the deck of the great ship. See page 4

FOURPENCE GROWS TO A SHILLING

RICHARD WATTS & THE SIX POOR TRAVELLERS

Fine Way of Celebrating an
Anniversary at Rochester

A CALL FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH

Two delightful little ceremonies have marked the anniversary of Richard Watts, who passed away at Rochester in 1579 and left a famous charity to his town.

In the morning a laurel was placed on his monument in Rochester Cathedral, and in the evening six poor travellers were handed a shilling each by Sir Edward Willis, who has been a trustee of the charity founded by Richard Watts for nearly 50 years.

It was a happy moment for Sir Edward Willis as well as for the travellers for hitherto the travellers have received only fourpence; now they are to continue to receive a shilling.

The Open Door

At the little three-gabled house with its simple front in the High Street of Rochester night after night for 300 years Six Poor Travellers have come to eat and drink and sleep. Never since 1579 has this house of charity closed its doors. It gives those who call food and comfort, a neat room, a glimpse of kindly life, and a few pence to set out with in the morning. Six wayfarers daily bless the name of their benefactor.

Richard Watts was a native of Kent, having been born in 1529 at West Peckham. He began life as a commercial traveller and became contractor to the Navy, and in State documents we still find records of payments made to him for victualling the Army and the fleet.

He sat in the second Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, who visited him during one of her progresses through the county, calling at the house still standing behind the famous Norman keep. When she was leaving he apologised for the smallness and inconvenience of the house, and the Queen replied with the Latin word Satis, which means sufficient.

A Story by Dickens

So delighted was he that henceforward he called his house Satis, and directed that on his death it should be sold to supply six good flock beds and other furniture for poor travellers, "being no common rogues," and stated that the folks there dwelling should keep the same sweet and courteously entreat the Poor Travellers.

Charles Dickens loved this story and wrote a story based on it, so immortalising the gracious work of Richard Watts which has continued for 300 years and is never likely to cease, for the property left by the benefactor has now increased so much in value that not only his almshouse but other charities in Rochester greatly benefit from it.

DR APRICOT OF HEAVEN BELOW

At Hangchow, the capital of the Chekiang Province of China, is a medical mission of the Church Missionary Society which was built up by a Scot, Dr David Duncan Main. When Dr Main died the other day, at 78, a great man was lost to the missionary world.

When he and his wife (whose parents had named her after Florence Nightingale) first went to China, more than fifty years ago, they opened in a small house a dispensary for the treatment of people suffering from opium smoking.

Soon they were able to build a leper and other hospitals. Convalescent homes and nursing homes, a training school for Chinese nurses followed, and, finally, a Medical Training College, the finest in all China, for Chinese doctors.

Dr Main had two mottoes: Keep Calm and Keep Smiling. He was fond of a joke and had always a good story to tell. In his early days in China things were not always calm and peaceful, and often, when he was riding out to visit a patient, he would see an angry crowd quarrelling in the street. Then he would dismount, push his way into the crowd, and tell the people a funny story. That put them in better humour, and they would stop, laughing.

His Chinese name was Dr Apricot, and as Hangchow means Heaven Below he was Dr Apricot of Heaven Below.

Since he came home, at 70, Edinburgh had come to know the missionary with the smile on his face, and Princes Street will miss his cheery figure.

FRANK LENWOOD THE MAN WHO CLIMBED THE HILLS

Mr Valiant of Plaistow Finds
His Destiny

THE THRILLS OF LIFE

"Conscientious, courageous, generous, and above all a man of prayer" is the epitaph on a tablet on the walls of the Wycliffe Congregational Church, Sheffield, to one of its old ministers.

The description is equally true of the son, Frank Lenwood, who has perished in a climbing accident in the French Alps. "If I had to describe the outstanding feature of his character," said one who had worked with him in the London Missionary Society for many years, "it would be his courage."

His name will be a loved one to many fathers of C.N. readers, for in the opening years of this century, when he was a tutor at Mansfield College, Oxford, he devoted all his spare time and energy to work among the undergraduates and in the Student Christian Movement, and in the summer he was an outstanding figure in Free Church Camps for boys.

Choosing the Harder Task

In 1909 he went out to Benares in India with his wife as a missionary, but after a serious illness he had to return home, and until 1925 he was with the London Missionary Society. He then heard that there was a little church in the East End of London wanting help, and, although there were many comfortable jobs he could have undertaken, he went to live among the people of Plaistow.

His house was bigger, it is true, than that of most of his neighbours, and you could see a little more sky from its windows, for it faced that long ribbon of open space which runs through East London marking where the great outfall sewer runs. The air was not always salubrious, but his home became a home and haven for many, especially the young. Day and night there seemed to be always someone coming or going. He had no children of his own, but several nephews and nieces whose parents were in the mission field found a home there.

Ever Aiming Higher

It was with a party of young folks that he went to the Alps not long ago, delighted, even though in his sixtieth year, to initiate them into the joys and thrills of the mountain-climbing he so dearly loved. This love of the mountains was typical of the man. He longed to reach the heights, both geographical and spiritual, and he entered on the adventure with all the zest that courage gives. To achieve the difficult was his aim in all things and he never took the easy path. A bad skid of his cycle on the slippery East End roads had led to an accident and lameness, but he still went out to the mountains to climb, just as he continued to climb undaunted over all difficulties, all disappointments, all misunderstandings.

BOOTS

He Cleaned a Million Pairs

David cleaned the boots of the boys at Rydal School, Colwyn Bay, for 47 years, and was at work right up to the day of his death not long ago.

He knew at a glance to which of the 200 boys each pair of boots belonged, and throughout his life he was never known to make a mistake.

A year or two ago the Old Boys of Rydal School invited David to be the Guest of Honour at their annual dinner, and it was a proud night for the cleaner of a million pairs of school boots.

**If You Want Peace,
Stop War Supplies**

THE INTREPID THREE NINE WEEKS ON THE WORLD'S SUMMIT

Three Englishmen Safe on an
Amazing Journey

STUDYING GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

A day before the earliest date at which they expected to reach their goal, the three young men who have been crossing Greenland arrived safe and sound.

Lieutenants Martin Lindsay, A. S. T. Godfrey, and Mr Andrew Croft have accomplished a feat which will live long in the annals of Arctic exploration.

Setting out at the end of June from Disko Bay, on the west coast some 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, with only a sledge team of 42 dogs, they ascended to that vast sheet of ice which covers the interior of Greenland at an average height of 9000 feet. Their object was to march across in the direction of Scoresby Sound, turning south when reaching the mountains which overhang that great inlet, and proceeding down the coastal range to descend to the eastern shore near Angmagssalik. Many mountain ranges crop up, and one, Mount Forrel, is 11,100 feet high.

A Tremendous Undertaking

It was a tremendous undertaking, and the few who knew the conditions they would have to encounter were not a little sceptical when the three young men told their friends that they hoped to arrive between September 6 and 10. Yet they marched the 1050 miles of their planned route and succeeded in arriving on September 5 at the hut which was used by the Watkins party three years ago.

Readers of the C.N. will recall the amazing work of the seven heroes who then explored the ice-cap (two, alas! never returning home, for the leader, Mr Watkins, was drowned when propelling a kayak off the coast).

The object of the Watkins expedition was to survey this difficult part of the world with a view to the establishment of an all-British air route across the Arctic to Canada. Lieutenant Lindsay's party made their journey to complete, as far as possible, the survey begun by the Watkins expedition.

Inland Sea of Ice

Crossing the ice-cap of Greenland is one of the most thrilling experiences possible for man. In places the ice-cap extends to a depth of 1000 feet, and it is always moving steadily to those fiords where it breaks into fragments, which become the icebergs of the North Atlantic. This inland sea of ice moves at the speed of 50 feet a day, and it has been estimated that a mountain of ice 1000 feet high, and having an area of four square miles, is thrust each year into one of the largest of these great coastal fiords.

The whole world congratulates these three intrepid Englishmen who had to rely entirely on themselves and their dogs in crossing this wonderland of ice.

PAID FOR IDLENESS

Liverpool's £700,000 a Year

In addition to paying great sums to the Unemployment Insurance Fund the nation pays heavily to maintain the idle through the local authorities. The case of Liverpool may be cited to show what happens in a district hit by the decline of cotton, engineering, and shipping.

The expenditure of Liverpool on relief to the able-bodied unemployed rose from £273,000 in 1930 to £737,000 in 1933, and since 1933 the expenditure has again risen.

PLANE REFUELS AS IT FLIES Speeding Up as By a Miracle

48 HOURS TO INDIA

The air route from England to India has witnessed many pioneering feats in the story of flying, but the flight due to take place this week-end makes every previous flight pale in significance.

For an ordinary commercial aeroplane is to fly straight from Portsmouth to Karachi without once alighting. Fresh fuel and fresh food are to be delivered to it as it flies.

Experiments in refuelling aeroplanes have for long been made in all parts of the world, and the Royal Air Force has concentrated on this method of speeding up long-distance flying. The distance to Karachi is 5200 miles, and Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore anticipate that they will reach their goal in 48 hours.

Fuel will be supplied to their aeroplane over Portsmouth, Malta, Alexandria, and Shaiba in Irak. The reason for the fuelling over Portsmouth is owing to the difficulty experienced by a heavily-laden plane in taking off.

Fuel For 17 Hours

The aeroplane, which is an Airspeed Courier monoplane driven by a 240 horse-power Siddeley Lynx engine, will ascend from the aerodrome with a normal load of petrol. It will at once fly in a circle while a tanker aeroplane will feed another 100 gallons of petrol into its specially fitted tanks, thus giving the machine sufficient fuel to reach Malta. The normal flying range of this machine is about six hours, but it has been adapted to a range of 17 hours.

The method of refuelling is an ingenious one. The tanker machine will fly above the record breaker and drop a weighted balloon to which is attached a long string. This will be caught by one of the pilots, who will haul in the string, at the end of which will be a stout rope. To this rope is attached the supply pipe which he will connect to the tank of his aeroplane. The petrol will then flow in through a patent spring valve.

This flight is being undertaken in a serious attempt to speed up the journey to India, and Sir Alan Cobham is convinced that this method of refuelling commercial aeroplanes will be a commonplace in the future.

THE HAWKER WHO ROSE HIGH IN THE WORLD Australia's Great Store Man

We are so accustomed to associate the meteoric rises of great businesses and stores with the New World and the Northern Hemisphere that it comes somewhat as a surprise to read of an Australian who hawked drapery in the wilds of Australia yet died chief owner of a departmental store in Melbourne worth £3,000,000 and employing 5000 people.

Yet this is the story of Sidney Myer, who has just died at 58. As a young man he went to the Bendigo goldfields though he was unable to speak a word of English. By hawking drapery he obtained sufficient capital to buy up two flourishing rival firms, and later he bought the business in Melbourne, which is now the biggest departmental store in the Southern Hemisphere.

Melbourne will remember him, not so much for his store, but for the generous use he made of his money. In 1926 he gave the University of Melbourne shares in the store then valued at £50,000. Another £20,000 he gave for an orchestra, and a similar sum for a boulevard along the River Yarra in honour of this centenary year of the State of Victoria.

GIVING THE CHILDREN A CHANCE Three Counties and Seven Towns

The towns of Gloucester and Lowestoft must now be added to the brief list of those authorised by the Board of Education to keep their children at school until they are 15.

Any Education Authority may adopt a bylaw to raise the school age, but the bylaw has to be sanctioned by the Board of Education, which may refuse permission, as it has already refused in the cases of Burnley and Huddersfield.

The Education Authorities of the following areas had previously received official sanction to keep their children at school a year longer—the county areas of Cornwall, Caernarvonshire, and East Suffolk, and the towns of Plymouth, Bath, Chesterfield, Cheltenham, and Penzance.

We hope that all Education Authorities will take advantage of this bylaw and flood the Board of Education with their applications. The Government would then have to revise their views and simplify procedure by a new Act.

While England Lags

As the School Age Council, which comprises all political parties and has as its members the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, has pointed out, England is behind many countries in compulsory schooling.

New Zealand has already passed a Bill to raise the age to 15, Bulgaria is about to raise the age to 17. In some Cantons in Switzerland the age is to be raised to 16, while Estonia and Hungary are expected to follow suit. Little Denmark has authorised the raising of the school age by one year and Belgium is discussing a Bill to raise the age.

All these States are smaller and poorer than our own, but they are taking action which will not fail to increase the wealth of their countries while we are content to remain as we were.

THE DIADEM

A little while ago the crown of the famous Black Virgin of Splitz in Yugoslavia was stolen and the thieves eluded the police.

Quite recently a terrible thunderstorm broke over the region and a farm was struck by lightning and set on fire. The neighbours hastened to the spot and found the farmer stretched senseless on the floor.

At the same time the crown of the Black Virgin was seen in a cavity of a wall broken open by the lightning!

THINGS SAID

The child has never heard of bad sweets.
Mr Robert Lynd

The English country is so beautiful that we always want to be getting out of the streets into the fields.

Mr David Garnett

Unless we are careful there will not be a gorilla or a whale left in the world in a few years.
Mr H. A. L. Fisher

Londoners have been saving a hundred million gallons of water a day.
Metropolitan Water Board

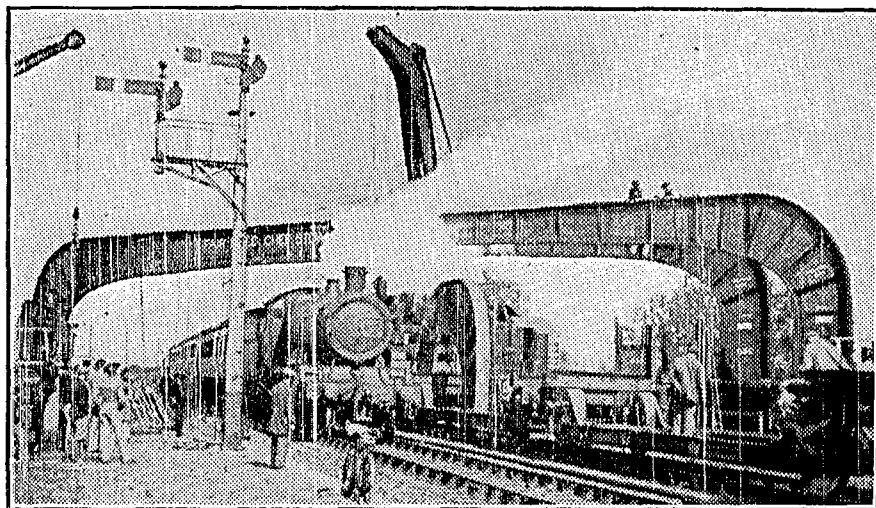
The demon of class hatred and class war must be exorcised if our country is to recover and prosper.
Dean Inge

The value of the work of one scientist alone (Edison) has been estimated at £3,000,000,000.
Sir James Jeans

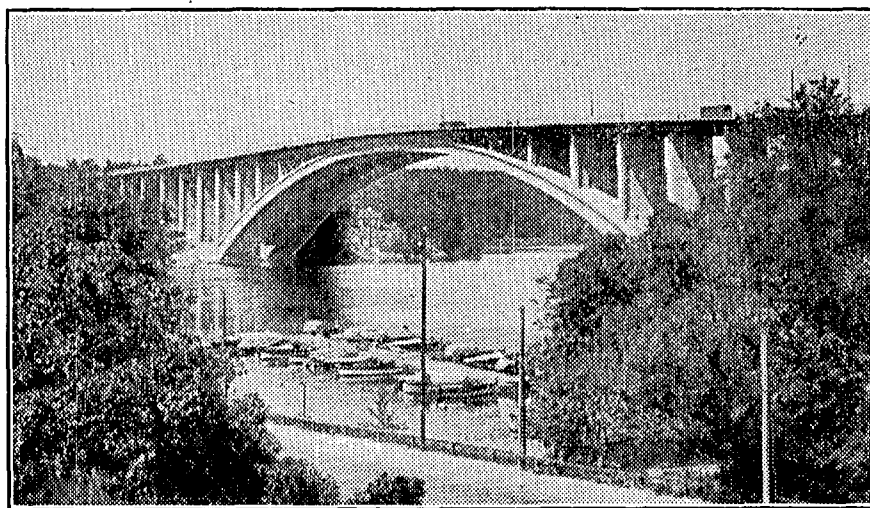
The hundred-year-old nonsense about mummy wheat is once more to the front.
Sir Wallis Budge

We have not yet made up our minds whether men exist to look after machines or whether machines exist to serve men.
Storm Jameson

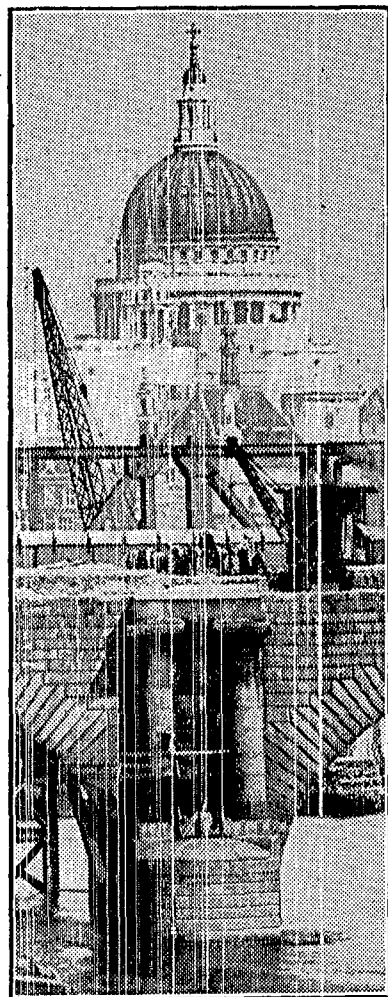
BLACKBERRYING · WREN'S DOME AND RENNIE'S BRIDGE · SURF RIDERS



Bridging a Railway—Erecting the 100-foot girders of a bridge that will carry a new by-pass road over the G.W.R. line at Wolvercote, near Oxford.



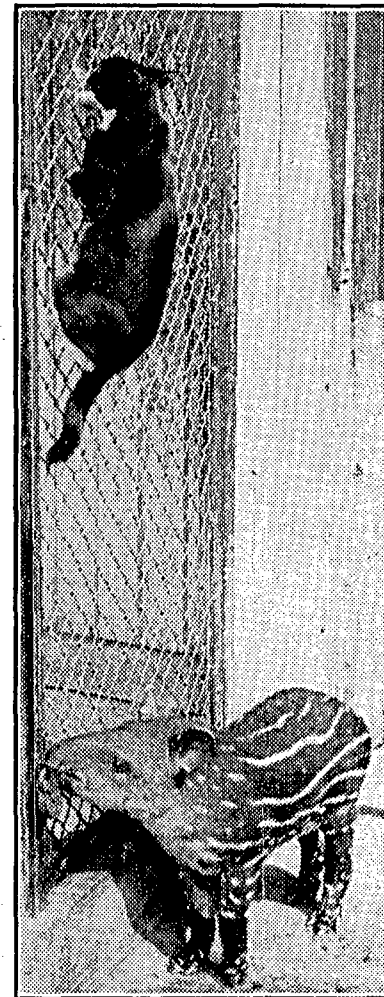
Stockholm's New Bridge—Sweden's capital, which is on a number of islands, has a new bridge, said to be the largest single-span concrete bridge in the world.



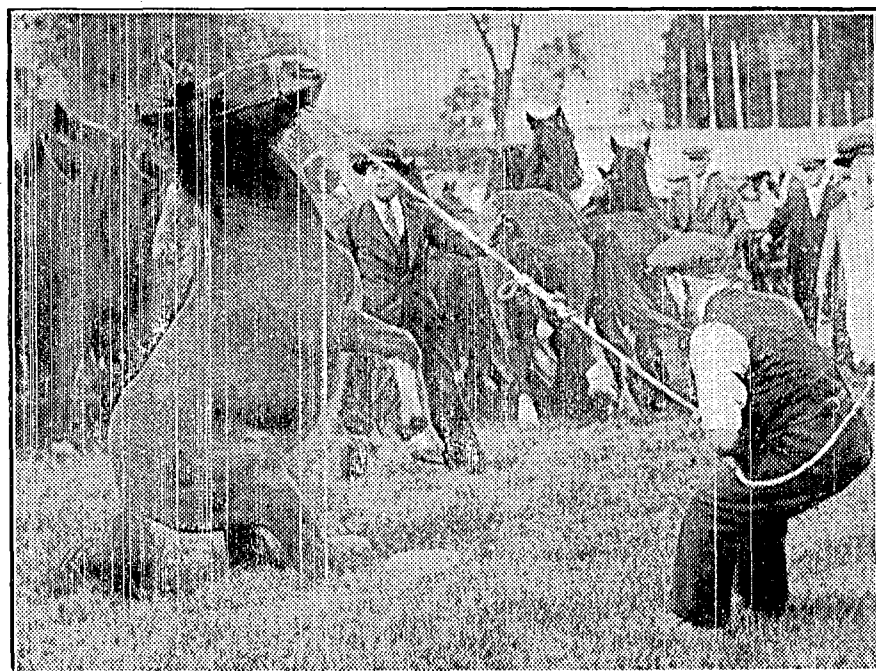
Wren's Dome and Rennie's Bridge—The demolition of Waterloo Bridge as seen from Charing Cross Bridge.



The Surf Riders—These merry holidaymakers are dashing into the sea with their surf-boards on which they ride back on the crest of a wave. The picture was taken near Newquay, where the broad sands and the Atlantic breakers provide ideal conditions for the sport.



The Quickest Way Out—A cat that did not wait to make friends with the baby tapir in the London Zoo.



For Sale—A spirited pony at Barnet's ancient horse-fair.



Blackberries Here Again—Gathering the harvest of a Surrey hedgerow.

CAN KNOWLEDGE SAVE THE WORLD?

RICH GIFTS OF SCIENCE
TO MANKIND

A Perfect Plan That Would
Bring Prosperity To All

WE MUST PRESS ON

By Sir James Jeans

Sir James Jeans in his presidential address to the British Association faced the question of the value of science to the world, and we take these passages from his address.

We cannot ignore the tragic fact that science has given man control over Nature before he has gained control over himself. The tragedy does not lie in man's scientific control over Nature, but in his absence of moral control over himself.

This is only one chapter of a long story. Human nature changes very slowly, and so for ever lags behind human knowledge, which accumulates very rapidly.

Hard Facts

Scientific knowledge is transmitted from one generation to another, while acquired characteristics are not. In knowledge each generation stands on the shoulders of its predecessor, but in respect of human nature both stand on the same ground.

These are hard facts which we cannot hope to alter, and which may wreck civilisation. If there is an avenue of escape it does not, as I see it, lie in the direction of less science, but of more.

Scientific research has two products of industrial importance—the labour-saving inventions which displace labour, and the fundamental discoveries which originate as pure science, but may lead to new trades providing employment for vast armies of labour.

Both are rich gifts from science to the community. The labour-saving devices lead to emancipation from soul-destroying toil and routine work to greater leisure and better opportunities for its enjoyment. The new inventions add to the comfort and pleasure, health and wealth of the community.

If a perfect balance could be maintained between the two there would be employment for all, with a continual increase in the comfort and dignity of life.

Whither Science?

Unhappily, no amount of planning can arrange a perfect balance, for as the wind bloweth where it listeth, so no one can control the direction in which science will advance. The investigator in pure science does not know himself whether his researches will result in a mere labour-saving device or a new industry. He only knows that if all science were throttled down, neither would result; the community would become crystallised in its present state, with nothing to do but watch its population increase, and shiver as it waited for the famine, pestilence, or war which must inevitably come to restore the balance between food and mouths, land and population.

Is it not better to press on in our efforts to secure more wealth and leisure and dignity of life for our own and future generations, even though we risk a glorious failure, rather than accept inglorious failure by perpetuating our present conditions?

ELIZABETH'S HOLLY TREE

When Miss Elizabeth Miller, of Murthly, Perthshire, was born (in the year 1830) a holly tree was planted in front of her home beside the River Tay.

She still lives, and has just celebrated her 104th birthday. To her delight she is yet able to look at the holly tree, which has survived all those years, and is still flourishing.

THE POET'S EMPTY CHAIR

Lost Singer of Wales

MOVING PROCESSION TO
A GRAVE IN FLANDERS

Along the rows of white crosses in a cemetery of Flanders, gardens of remembrance of the unreturning brave, a dark procession wound not long ago to seek one cross among the multitude.

They had come from Wales, a pilgrimage of Welsh singers and poets as well as soldiers, to pay homage to a bard whose voice was never raised at their Eisteddfod, and is now for ever silent.

His bardic name of Hedd Wyn was called by the Arch Druid at the Eisteddfod of 1917, so that he might receive the highest honour his assembled countrymen had to bestow. There was no answer. A deep hush fell on the vast gathering at Birkenhead as the name was called again and again. But peasant and Premier (for Mr Lloyd George was there) waited in vain, and at last the whisper ran that Hedd Wyn, the chosen bard, had been killed in Flanders a few days before.

Written in the Trenches

His poem, The Hero, had been written in the trenches and entrusted to a friend on leave. It had won the supreme honour which would have made his name, Private Ellis Evans, acclaimed throughout his native land as Welsh Bard.

Acclaimed it was in a passion of national grief which swept over the people; but the chair in which he sat remained empty. They draped it with black robes. They sang an old Welsh hymn as his funeral dirge. But he neither knew, nor saw, nor heard.

It was to his grave in Flanders that his brother led the procession of Welsh Bards and old comrades as to a Welsh cenotaph. But though the soldier-poet was as deaf to their homage as to the Eisteddfod honour, the act was a consolation and a token to the pilgrims, and to all who mourn a poet whose genius at the moment of its flowering was cut down by the cruel stroke of war.

THE WONDER SHIP OF THE SEA

Power Enough For a Town
ELECTRIC CABLES 4000
MILES LONG

Next week at Clydebank the Queen will launch and name the great ship which is at present known as Number 534.

Any great achievement of man attracts to it, as if it were a huge magnet, all the newest devices and ideas, and the new liner is proving no exception to this rule.

We have already described the unique lifeboats she will carry, and now those responsible for her electrical systems have been astonishing us with facts and figures reminding us of the electricity report of a town. Indeed two power stations are actually being built into the ship.

They will hold seven turbo-generators, generating sufficient power to meet all the public services of a town of 15,000 people. Some 30,000 lamps will be needed for lighting the ship, and the length of cable on board, carrying the current to light the lamps and supply power to the kitchens, lifts, and the monster machines for raising boats and anchors, would reach halfway through the Earth, 4000 miles.

A great output of power will be required when an anchor is raised, for each of the two anchors will weigh about 16 tons, the biggest in the world, and to each anchor nearly 1000 feet of cable will be attached, each link subjected to a strain of 700 tons before it is passed.

Pictures on page 1

MYSTERY COMPOSER COMES TO LIFE

Sir Henry Wood's Joke
With the Public

MUSICIAN'S DOUBLE

Sir Henry Wood has proved that by any other name a musician will sound as sweet in the public ear, or even sweeter.

The name he chose when offering one of his own compositions for their delight was Paul Klenovsky. Something foreign in the name caught his fancy and, as he rightly divined, that of the public also. To make the masterpiece of this unrecognised composer more attractive he solemnly announced that the genius was dead.

The efforts of musicians, like those of poets, are often best appreciated at a distance. It will be remembered that Fame, in Lord Dunsany's tale, promised to call on the poet in about a hundred years, in the cemetery at the back of the workhouse.

Immediate Recognition

Paul Klenovsky did not have to wait at all. Critics leaped at this unknown young man from Moscow. Orchestras performed his work, and Sir Henry Wood, who had introduced him, was implored to play his masterpiece again.

Sir Henry gravely consented, and added a note to the programme expressing his regret that Paul, whose transcription showed the hand of a master, should be no more. That was nearly five years ago.

But Paul was not dead. His introducer has given him a second life by announcing that he was Sir Henry Wood himself.

RECORD HEIGHT IN A GLIDER

Three Hours in a Storm

Travelling at 40 miles an hour Mr Geoffrey Buxton of the Royal Air Force has made a record flight of 7970 feet high in a glider. He has flown nearly 3000 feet higher than Mr P. A. Wills did a few weeks ago.

Mr Buxton's flight lasted over three hours, and it was a fight with a thunder-storm all the time.

Gliderers are still simple machines, and this record-breaker was not fitted with a compass, so that the airman did not know where he was and feared to go higher lest he might come down in the sea. Many times the glider got into a spin, needing all the skill of the airman to get on an even keel once more.

THE BLIND MAN'S GARDEN

A new exhibitor of flowers has been winning trophies and prizes at every show and exhibition in East Glamorgan throughout the summer.

Exhibitors who had not been beaten since the war found the newcomer their better, and they admitted it. His flowers were larger; their colours more arresting. His roses were unrivalled and his dahlias a riot of colour. He is Mr Horace Jackson of Caerphilly, and he is blind.

He feels the flowers, and as he walks along the rows he nips off buds that are not wanted. His wife and four children do the rough work, but he produces the colours for others to admire.

A BREAD TRAIN IN RUSSIA

A train on which bread is made is now in operation in Russia.

The quality of the bread is as good as that made in ordinary bakeries. In 24 hours it can turn out 30 tons, employing ten men. This train is so successful that a second is being made.

These trains are a notable attempt at famine relief, even if they only touch the fringe of the trouble.

THESE DAYS OF MIRACLES

DAVENTRY OUT OF DATE
AT NINE YEARS OLD

The New Wireless Station at
Droitwich Comes In

TOWERS SWAYING IN THE WIND

Sweeter music now courses through the ether, and in greater volume.

It comes from the new station the B.B.C. has built at Droitwich. It is a giant in power, but at a distance the two 700-foot masts look like fairy wands pointing to the sky. They have a magic quality too, for they are balanced like pencils on their points, resting on the point of a triangular base which only touches the concrete base over one or two square inches, and is held in position by wire stays.

Twenty-Five Valves

The journey to the top of one of these masts, which are nearly twice the height of the cross of St Paul's, can be made in a lift in four minutes.

At the summit are red lights, a warning for aircraft. A giddy experience it must be to stand at this great height, literally swaying in the wind, for the towers are designed so that they can sway at least five feet.

In the low concrete building at the base of the masts are the most up-to-date instruments radio engineers have devised. There are 25 valves, some 200 pounds in weight and costing £800. To cool them water flows through at the rate of 35 gallons a minute. High tension supply at 20,000 volts is produced by four 750 horse-power Diesel engines, power enough to light a town of 5000 inhabitants.

Better Quality

There is a new system of modulation so that the owners of good receivers will hear the violin, the flute, and the piccolo in much truer tone than before.

This great station has cost £200,000, and with its wider range has replaced the Daventry long-wave station and some of the medium-wave Nationals as well. Daventry has become out of date before it is ten years old, so fast does the wireless world move.

The change-over took place smoothly and silently, though 150 switches had to be pressed to bring the station on the air. A million listeners must have realised at once that a new miracle had come to pass, for the tone and volume exceeded the highest expectations of those workers of miracles, the B.B.C. engineers.

Pictures on page 7

CLIFFORD'S INN IS FALLING DOWN

Most of London is looking on passively while one of its precious heirlooms is going for ever.

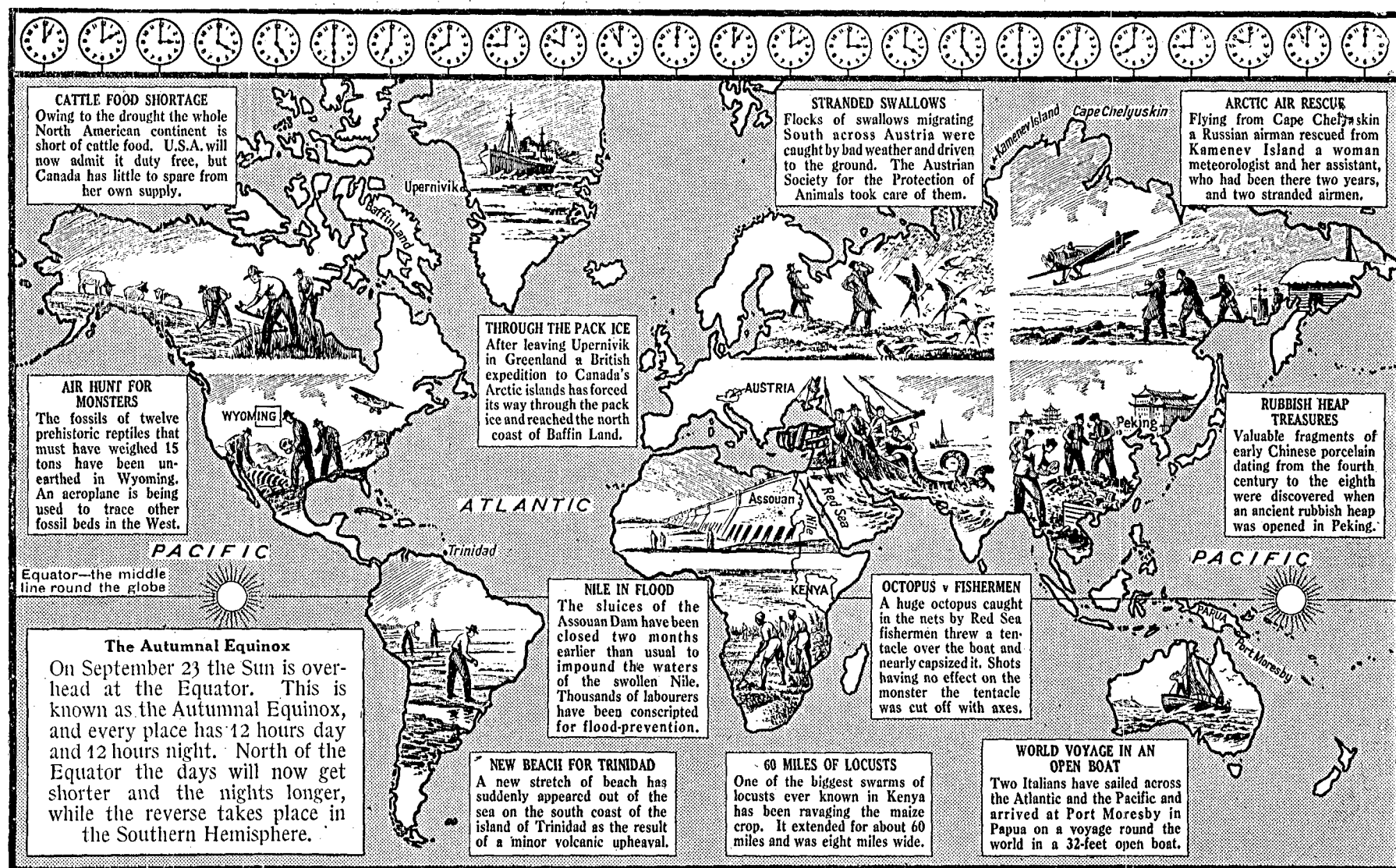
Clifford's Inn, with its mellow old buildings and a charm of a quieter age, would surely have been an inestimable treasure to the generations of the future, yet before this C.N. reaches the public the Destroyer will have begun its destruction.

All the plants are gone, and the soil is being dug up with drills. It was reassuring to be told by the workmen that none of the trees is to be felled, but they are pulling down the houses, and all the windows seem like sad eyes looking down at the desecrated courtyard.

Propped up against the wall of the alley leading into Fleet Street we found a sad-looking artist painting the charming old doorway, which by lantern light in winter looked like a picture out of a fairy tale.

"I suppose in two months time some modern monstrosity will be built here," somebody said; "it seems unbelievable that so little has been done to save one of the most beautiful corners of London."

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



AN ESPERANTO FILM The International Language in Sweden

The 27th Esperanto Congress held last month in Stockholm was a very great success.

For a long time the international language has received considerable support in Sweden; and the Swedish Esperantists gave overwhelming hospitality to 2000 Esperantists from about 30 countries. As usual, the whole of the proceedings of the Congress week were conducted in Esperanto, including two impressive church services.

A novel feature was a speech delivered to the opening meeting by a leader in the movement. Transmitted from Switzerland by the Lausanne wireless station, it was picked up in Sweden and relayed to Parliament Building, where the Congress was held, and also to various Swedish wireless stations.

Two important Swedish daily papers published a page of Esperanto news throughout the Congress week, and an Esperanto talking film was given at a leading cinema.

LAST MAN ON THE FIRST ENGINE

At the age of 92 Mr David Bebb of Fleur-de-Lys has died.

He was the last link to connect us with Richard Trevithick, who built the first railway engine near Merthyr Tydfil in South Wales. Mr Bebb worked on Trevithick's famous engine, and was the last workman on it; as a souvenir of those days he had one of the rails on which the engine ran.

Recently there has been much controversy as to what happened to Trevithick's engine, some believing it was buried under some slag tips, and could be recovered.

Mr Bebb settled this question by saying that he helped to pull the engine to pieces. Most of it became scrap-iron.

SHAKESPEARE IN A VILLAGE What a Rector Does

For ten years the villagers of Felton, near Hereford, have performed one of Shakespeare's plays.

This year the play has been King Henry the Fifth. The play is performed in the garden of the rectory, the rector being the inspiring spirit.

The actors this year were two sons of farmers, two carpenters, a wagoner, a cowman, four farm workers, a general workman, a grocer, a schoolmaster, a farmer's boy, a smallholder, the rector's son, a farmer's daughter, an innkeeper's daughter, and some schoolchildren.

The rehearsal was controlled by a deaf man, who checked the actors by lip-reading.

The entire population of Felton is only a hundred, but the rector, Mr Eveleigh, has imbued them with his enthusiasm for Shakespeare. It is a great achievement, and we congratulate the rector on his capacity for engaging the natural genius of his village folk.

BOY SCOUT'S NEW AWARD

The Cornwell Certificate

We announced the other day the names of the three Boy Scouts who won the supreme Cornwell Scout Decoration for courage, capability, and character.

Another decoration in the form of a Cornwell Scout Certificate has now been introduced as a recognition of qualities only second to those for which the highest decoration is awarded.

The first Scout to receive the certificate is W. A. Tozer, who lies in a hospital at Margate cheerfully enduring severe pain yet inspiring his fellow-patients by his brave spirit. For two years Tozer, who is 21, has been prone on a bed of plaster of Paris, a great contrast to his activities as a leader of Wolf Cubs and Rovers at Hillingdon.

HOOT AND KILL Less Noise and More Care

The Minister of Transport has extended to the whole country the prohibition of motor-hooting during the night, and for this he has been blamed by some critics, who contend that he should attend more to the suppression of killing and wounding and less to the motor-horn.

There may be some just cause for adverse criticism of the Minister's neglect of the speed factor, but undoubtedly to attack motor-hooting is to promote safety. The Hoot is the road-hog's chief weapon. He bears down upon us, hooting loudly to clear his path. Out of the way, says his Horn, or I'll run you down.

Deprived of the power to hoot, the road-hog is tamed. Unable to clear a road by hooting, he is compelled to moderate his speed to save himself.

We hope, therefore, that the Minister will continue his campaign against the horn and increase the hours of silence.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER

A newspaper founded 1534 years ago has ceased to appear—the Pekin Bao.

It first appeared in the reign of Tin Kuan Teang, an emperor, thought in China to be the inventor of printing in characters in lead and silver.

The Pekin Bao was issued at first on sheets of yellow silk, the leaves being sewn together.

It has been a daily newspaper since 1800, and although frequently obliged to change its title it always found means to resume its customary appearance. Now it is no more.

ON THE WAY TO 99

Bradford has lost its oldest citizen and one of England's finest gentlemen in Mr Frederick Priestman, who has passed away in his 99th year after a life of rare generosity and human kindness.

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT A GREAT DISEASE Dr Leon Bernard's Work

By the sudden death of Dr Leon Bernard, not only the University of Paris but the whole world has lost a benefactor. He was known in France as the great apostle of social hygiene.

A man of brilliant qualifications, who could have become enormously rich, Dr Bernard gave his whole life to fighting tuberculosis. Through the offices of the League in Geneva, Dr Bernard presided at various conferences called to launch a great campaign against this preventable disease.

With the devoted assistance of two women, Madame Siligmann and Madame Sussmann, he carried out researches at his sanatorium at Landonzy, where he had a crèche for children born of tubercular parents. His experience was shared by him with doctors everywhere, and as a result he succeeded in bringing health to hundreds of thousands. He gave conscientious and scrupulous attention to every letter which came to him for advice.

His work will continue, for he has inspired many in his own and other lands with the spirit of service and sacrifice.

TINNA THE WHIPPET

Tinna, of Bridge of Urr, Kirkcudbright, has received the bronze medal of the National Canine Defence League for saving her master's life.

She is only a whippet, and whippets are small dogs, but she has enough spirit for several Alsatians.

Tinna's master, Mr MacTaggart, is a farmer, and one day he was attacked by an angry bull. It tossed him twice, and was kneeling on him when Tinna flew at the furious animal, caught it by the nose, and did not let go till help arrived and the bull was driven off.

Plucky little Tinna well deserves her medal, and if she does not appreciate it very much she does appreciate the extra petting which comes her way.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 22 1934

A Word From the Chief

It seems that each generation ignores the wisdom of the centuries and refuses to benefit by dearly-bought experience.

Almost every day now we open our papers to read that yet another country has decided to build more warships and increase its air force, or even that its Cabinet Ministers must receive military training.

We have come upon a little book which bears upon all this, with a story in it which was told by Robert Moffat at a missionary conference long ago. He spoke of a state of affairs very much like that which prevails in the world today, of tribes who had agreed to bury their spears and make peace but were in their great fear arming to the teeth and making alliances one with another against stronger chiefs.

There was one chief who had refused to accept the teaching of the missionaries but had seen the influence of Christian thought on some of his people, and this man called to a feast and a parley all those tribes uneasy with the war spirit. This is what he said to them:

I hear you are going to war. What is war? I am a man of war. I have shaken my spear in the face of my enemies; I have driven them away with the sound of my shield. You have done it. But what is war?

War cultivates no fields; it plants no gardens. War raises no families and builds no houses.

Go; look at the people who have been enslaved, and ask them, What are you doing here? They will reply, War sent us down here. Go to the widows; ask the widow, Why do you mourn? The widow will answer, War devoured my husband, and I am alone. Go to the fatherless; and you will be told, I had a father, but war ate him up.

Has it come to this, that we have danced, and our wives and our daughters, and our children have danced, that we fear no evil, and raise our head in the morning without hearing the roar of battle on the plain, and that we are now going to resume it? Are we going to unearth the spear?

The great Chief finished, and in the assembly, to which every man had brought his battle-axe or his spear for safety's sake, a man rose up and answered for them all:

No, no; let spears be burned. Let there be no more war. Let us return to our homes.

Were that Bechuana Chief at Geneva now he might well use the same words, adding, perhaps:

O ye rulers of the people, ye wise ones that teach knowledge, is this the result of your heritage of learning and your Christianity, that the spirit of the Prince of Peace has fallen on the heathen, while His followers say, Lord, Lord, and do not His commandments?

To all whom it may concern, to Hitlers and Mussolinis, to Arakis and Stalins, to Roosevelts and Baldwins, we commend the old Chief and his words. Let the spear be burned, and let the world get on.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



300 Theatres Gone

In the last few years three hundred theatres have closed up and down this country.

It is a remarkable fact, which must have a remarkable explanation.

There is no doubt that much of the explanation is the love of the Kinema and the love of Open-Air, but the C.N. believes that there is one more explanation.

There can be no doubt that an immense number of people who used to go to theatres have given them up because the stage has fallen so low in morals and so poor in intellect.

One friend of theatres we know who used to spend £50 or £100 a year on tickets, but now spends almost nothing entirely because he refuses to sit listening to the language of the pothouse, which has now become the language of the stage.

Mussolini Speaks

WE must all excuse the Nazis for much of their childishness, for they are very young in World Affairs; but perhaps we may sympathise with them as they writhe under the bitter sarcasm of Signor Mussolini, with whom Herr Hitler was in Rome not so very long ago.

Even Fascist Doctrine is not so very old, but at least its founder has proved himself a manager of more than circuses, and he has some right to say to the Nazis, as Mussolini did the other day, that

We can afford to look with contempt on these doctrines that come from other quarters, for we had given birth to Cicero, Virgil, and Caesar when these people did not know how to write.

Grandmother

We like what a modern young woman has written about her lost grandmother so much that we copy it here.

The grandchild was Miss Trevelyan, wandering in Canada; Granny was Lady Bell, a clever and gracious woman who died in England.

DOES she know the Why and Whither? Can she call the stars by name? Does she know the value of people and the things of this world? Does she know where her life stands in the long roll of years? Can she see what is true beauty and what is false? Does she understand now, better than I do, what drives a person to wander the world?

Whatever may be, part of her life is within me as I go on through the world, and through the years I will keep alive in me what she has left of wisdom and beauty and goodness.

Goodbye To One Going on a Far Journey

May Sorrow miss you on its journey round the world and may Good Fortune bring you here again.

The Responsibility of the B.B.C.

It seems to us that a very important matter arises out of an interruption at the microphone in a London restaurant the other day.

Is it wise for the B.B.C. to put its microphone at the disposal of all sorts of places not under its control?

What a City Man Does

We steal this from a column of notes in the Church Times because it is one of the deeds which speak louder than words.

A CITY man by no means young spends most of his week-ends with hot water and scrubbing-brushes, cleaning out the homes of harassed women obliged to go out to work and too weary to keep their own rooms neat and wholesome.

Tip-Cat

COUNTRY people are usually generous. And don't often have close neighbours.

A STORM stopped a cricket dance the other day. It wasn't cricket.

HEAD boys in schools are allowed a good deal of authority. It's a matter of form.

CYCLISTS are advised to wear belts with reflectors attached. A good idea taken all round.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the Silent Zone is a sound idea

which fell 900 feet from the air only one broke. That one got it in the neck.

MEN with large feet are wanted as bulb planters. Must be of the same stamp.

LONDON has too much fog, says an American. Londoners can't see it.

A RETIRING fireman was presented with an illuminated address. Did he turn the hose on it?

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

EDGWARE CHURCH is to have ear-phones for deaf people.

THE BAVARIAN HOME MINISTER has prohibited the keeping of birds of prey in small cages.

LORD WOOLAVINGTON has given £10,000 to London Hospital for a pay-beds department.

JUST AN IDEA

If France and Germany and other European nations would line their borders with football fields instead of forts they would save their armament bills, take in considerable gate receipts, and eventually be able to pay their debts.

Gras Tyme is Doon

By Our Country Girl

HARVEST came early this year; the cornfields are shorn, the stacks almost ready for the thatcher. In the fields men work late, and tonight their voices travel, for there is no wind.

Listening to the broad, slow speech, we are momentarily reassured. Dialect is becoming rare in this part of the world, so rare that the children of the next generation may never hear it.

During the last ten years the village has suffered much at the inexorable hands of change. New houses, new faces, reverberate cars. The big cornfield disappeared long ago. Where poppies ran riot there is a weight of brick and mortar. Row upon row in the meadows the small and ugly houses vaunt their hideous tiles. Will builders never learn to use materials that harmonise with their surroundings? We have watched, and waited, and despaired.

There seems little left for us now but to turn away and find another land. These few acres on either side of the lane, between the outskirts of our village and those of the next, can offer but transitory comfort. Soon they too must reap the builder's harvest.

Over the golden stubble stretch the shadows from the trees. In the foliage embers of the autumnal fire are beginning to smoulder. Gras tyme is doon, as Chaucer said, and now perhaps for ever. We who have loved this place in summer and winter, who have seen it in snow and in rain, and under the stars, cannot easily endure the thought of what is coming.

Who can measure the sorrow of him that hath set his heart upon that which the world hath power to destroy, and hath destroyed?

Love Your Garden

WE were visiting the trim garden of a very rich couple who have no less than five country places.

They hardly ever stay at this place, and as we were shown round a little rose garden, expensively stocked, we could not help feeling that there was a murmur of "We are neglected" among the softly-moving leaves.

The gardener, we fancy, noticed our lack of enthusiasm. The place seemed forlorn, unvisited; nobody was watching for buds to bloom.

Then we went on to the large, untidy, but well-beloved garden of a poorer man, where everything seemed to smile at us. What was the matter with the other garden? we asked each other.

"It looked as if nobody had ever said a kind word to it," said our companion, and he was right.

A Prayer

O God, Who hast given to us the knowledge of right and wrong, and hast taught us that it is Thy will that we choose the right throughout our lives, give us grace to be loyal to the right as we see it, and faithful to the highest we know. Amen.

A GIANT AFLOAT AGAIN

RAISING OF THE BAYERN
How 80 Men Lifted 28,000 Tons
of Steel in Scapa Flow

WORKING UNDER THE SEA

Almost as dramatic as its sinking, and even more rapid in its rising, was the reappearance on the surface of the sea of the German dreadnought Bayern when it was raised at Scapa Flow the other day.

The Bayern, of 28,000-tons displacement, was one of the biggest of the 72 ships of the German fleet which were scuttled on Midsummer Day, 1919. On that morning a fleet which cost £40,000,000 went to the bottom without a shot being fired.

A Terrible Task

Most of the ships, including the flagship Hindenburg, have been raised and broken up (we have a lamp from the Hindenburg, with the filament still intact in sea-water). But the raising of the Bayern was a far more difficult task, for she was lying upside-down at a depth of 120 feet, and she is 630 feet long and 100 feet wide, and carries an armament of 24 heavy guns.

The raising of the Hindenburg was a triumph, but that ship lay in shallow water on an even keel.

To raise the Bayern it was necessary to insert airlocks of greater length than have ever been made before; seven airlocks were fitted to her, each 100 feet long. It was a terrible task for the divers, who had to work under an air pressure which reached 50 pounds to the square inch in sea conditions which must have daunted the bravest.

So arduous was the work that one of the divers died.

The Problem of Air Pressure

There were two requirements for the success of this undertaking: the first was to make sure that the airlocks were in such a position that the ship would rise in a balanced position without a list; the second was to make sure that the change of air pressure in the locks would be adapted to the sudden rise from the bottom.

At the bottom of the sea the air pressure in the locks had to be maintained at 50 pounds, while at the surface only 10 pounds an inch was possible to keep the airlocks from bursting on the one hand, and to support the monster ship on the other.

When all was ready the ship rose to the surface in the brief space of 30 seconds amid what, to the onlookers, must have seemed a miniature whirlwind. As the air not required in the airlocks rushed out it pushed high into the air columns of water which fell again like great cascades.

Strange Sight

But Mr Thomas McKenzie, who has been conducting the salvage operations, had made his plans successfully, and the monster floated without a list and with 18 feet of freeboard.

Strange sights are these ships when they reach the surface after years of submersion, with long ribbons of seaweed festooning them and shorter growths like grass all over them; sea urchins, some beautifully marked, lie about them everywhere, while the shells of mussels and oysters and a number of other marine creatures cling wherever there is space.

A well-filled table it was for the sea birds of the islands, but happier than the gulls (whose feast was for but a few days) will be Mr McKenzie and his 80 courageous men who, after nine months of the most arduous toil, have accomplished a feat which can only be described as a miracle.

THREE YEARS OFF GOLD

THIS week sees the third anniversary of our "going off gold."

On September 21, 1931, Parliament suspended payment of banknotes in gold because a Continental panic caused a drain on the amount of that metal (only some £140,000,000 worth) held by the Bank of England as security for the payment in gold of some £400,000,000 of paper money, and some £1,750,000,000 of bank deposits.

Since the autumn of 1931, therefore, Bank of England Notes have been inconvertible—they cannot be exchanged for gold. The promise to pay One Pound printed on each note has no meaning.

Nevertheless, we still have confidence in the paper notes because we know that

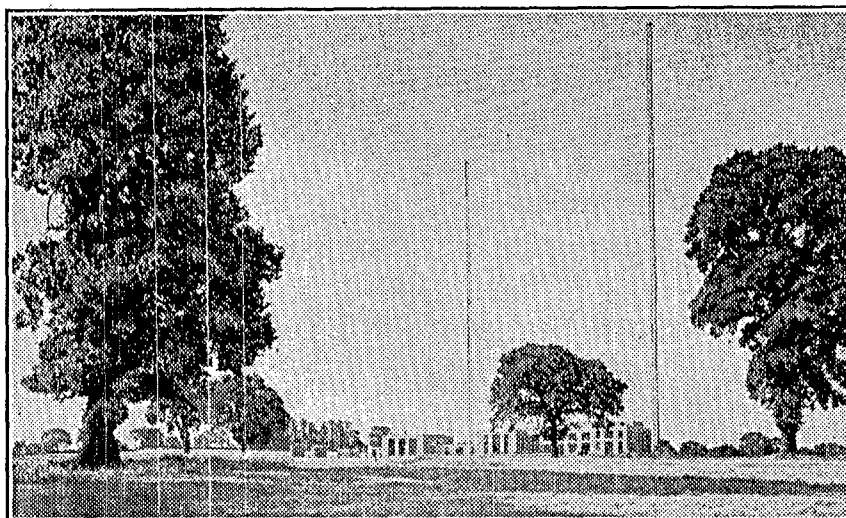
people freely recognise them as a means of exchange. This confidence is based on their limited supply. If they were printed in much larger numbers they would buy less—prices would rise.

In the world at large, however, the absence of a gold standard has made exchange more difficult. Gold formed a general standard by which gold moneys (which include paper notes convertible into gold) could be commonly related.

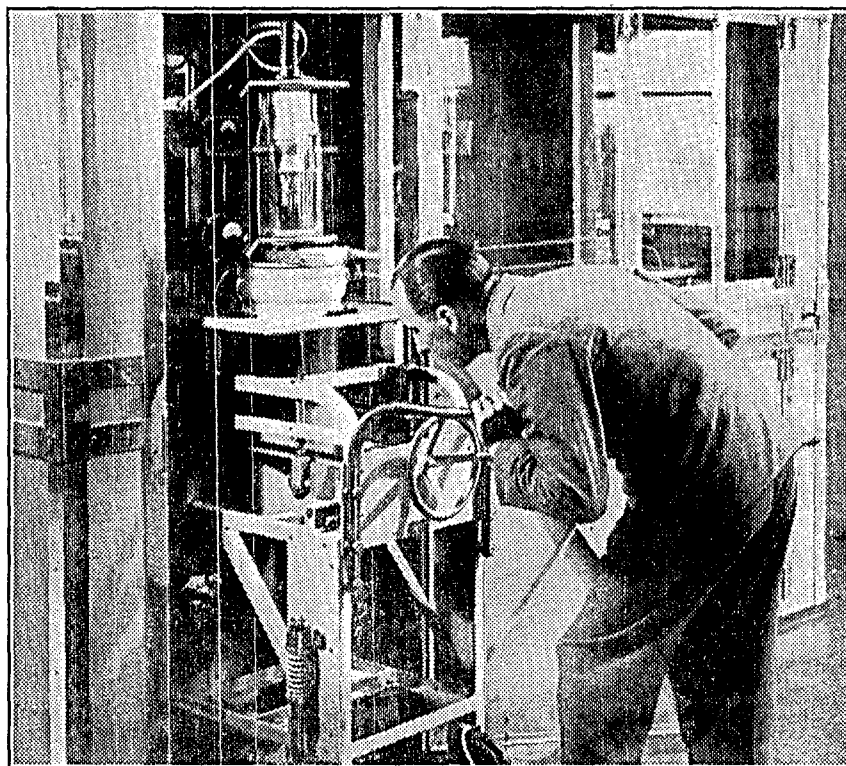
There is little hope at present of the world getting back to a common standard of exchange. It may never again recognise gold for the purpose.

A hundred different honest opinions exist on the subject, and this adds to the supreme difficulty of finding a way out.

NEW MARVEL OF THE B.B.C.



The new B.B.C. station near Droitwich. It is described on page 4



A valve mounted on a trolley is wheeled into position

THE BRAIN OF MR BRAYNE

INDIA OWES a great deal in the improvement of the health of its people to the splendid work which many British officials have done for her. But to Mr F. L. Brayne, a member of the Indian Civil Service, North India specially owes a great debt.

As a senior man in the service Mr Brayne could have risen to a very high position in the province of the Punjab, where he has served for the last 25 years, but he has steadily and persistently made the reconstruction and uplifting of village life his main concern. He has carried through several schemes of better housing, better crops, and better health for the simple peasants.

In order to create among the people a spirit of service and a sense of pride

in honest labour Mr Brayne received a good deal of help from the Boy Scouts, who filled in many stagnant pools and tanks which bred malarial mosquitoes. The Girl Guides helped in clearing the streets of rubbish and putting the drainage system right.

The Punjab Government has just issued through its post offices eight million quinine tablets of three grains each for free distribution in the malarial areas. In order to check the attacks of mosquitoes at night, when they do their real damage to human beings, Mr Brayne is now encouraging the use of mosquito nets by everyone. Through the cooperation of weaving societies and the medical authorities it is hoped to

NOAH'S ARK CHANGES ITS ADDRESS

MOVING THE PARIS ZOO

The Baboon Up the Tree and the Rhino in the Packing-Case

MORE FREEDOM FOR WILD CAPTIVES

There has been a big moving day in Paris; 3000 animals have moved to better homes.

After the close of the great Colonial Exhibition in 1932 most of the pavilions were demolished and the exhibits dispersed. The animals would have gone too, but Marshal Lyautey suggested that perhaps a little zoo which had attracted so many visitors could remain in Paris. It could be larger and better if it were to be permanent, so, half a mile from the original enclosure, part of the Bois de Vincennes was made into a model zoo.

A French Whipsnade

The little visitors to France from her colonies were to have as much freedom as possible, as the animals have at our own Whipsnade, so large tracts of waste land have been thrown open to them, where the chamois and mountain sheep and bears have their rocks, high and steep, which conceal the zoo's infirmary, laboratory, and store-rooms.

The fun came when the new zoo was ready. There was no procession of giraffes, elephants, gazelles, and zebras through the little intervening woodland, as one might have hoped for, but each animal was securely packed as if for a world journey.

Many of them did not wish to be packed. Of course we should expect the monkeys to make trouble, and they did. Some of the baboons escaped into a great tree, and no tempting delicacies would fetch them down. A zoo official horrified the park keeper by suggesting that the tree should be cut down, but he had to think of a better way.

Caught in a Net

Some captive brothers of the fugitives were brought along in a cage, and placed at the foot of the tree, and, sure enough, the others came cautiously down to shake hands with the prisoners. Then followed a long conversation, and at last they became sufficiently absorbed in each other to be caught in a net.

More difficult still it was to move the three-ton rhinoceros. He was baited with food inside his packing-case, none other being given him, and when at last hunger drove him to defy his suspicions he merely seized a quick helping and slipped out again. By no means could he be persuaded to remain in the packing-case, and in the end a sleeping draught had to be mixed with his food.

All are safely in their new quarters now, and we hope they have found their brief discomfort well worth while to gain their greater freedom.

TWO COINS AND TWO SHOES

On taking up an old floor of very wide planks in the Musician's Gallery at Luddesdown Court, Kent, two silver coins were found between the floor and the ceiling below.

The first impression was that someone had lost four shillings, for on the reverse side was the design familiar to us on the modern florin.

These two silver coins are, however, slightly larger than our shilling, and thinner; on the other side they bear the image and superscription of William the Third. The milled edges are merely regular oblique cuts, very faint, but the initial stages of modern milled edges.

The chimney, which passes through the musician's gallery, once harboured two leather shoes which are similar in style to one at the London Museum. The two shoes were dislodged during some repairs at Luddesdown, and are

END OF A YACHT A WRECK ON FARQUHAR ISLAND

Brave Sea Adventure in the
Little Shamrock I
RESTING IN THE INDIAN OCEAN

Another famous ship has been lost, and now rests in peace on the bed of the Indian Ocean.

When the Seychelles Auxiliary Schooner Charles Edouard returned to Mahé she brought with her two Danish gentlemen, Captain Kay Elbo and Mr Sven Stenstrom, the author and scientist, and a young Norwegian whom they had rescued from Goelette Island, one of the group of the Farquhars.

These three explorers had left Copenhagen in 1931 on board the yacht Shamrock I, which had been rechristened the Noddesskallen, and were sailing round the world on behalf of a newspaper. The yacht had been refitted with two masts and small sails in place of her usual rig, as in this way she would be easier to handle.

Struck By a Cyclone

They had passed Germany, England, France, Portugal, Madeira, Canaries, Barbados, through the Panama Canal, Galapagos, Dutch East Indies, Menado, and the Cocos Islands, and were on their way to Zanzibar when a cyclone struck them, dismasting the ship three feet from the deck. The crew at once rigged up temporary masts, but in spite of all endeavours they drifted many miles, and for 35 days were at the mercy of the wind and waves. At last they sighted land, and, with the yacht practically out of control, the rollers hurled them on to the reefs of Farquhar one day this summer. Huge waves broke over the ship, and in an attempt to launch the dinghy the third member of the crew, together with the boat, was swept into the sea. As the others saw that the yacht was sinking they jumped into the sea, and managed to reach the dinghy, and at length all three managed to climb into her. At last they drifted five miles into the shores of Goelette Island, where they landed.

Valuable Objects Lost

It is unfortunate that with the ship were lost many valuable objects of art collected during the voyage.

The Norwegian member of the party has now sailed for home, while Captain Elbo and Mr Stenstrom are endeavouring to purchase another small boat in which they propose to carry on their cruise to Zanzibar.

It is wonderful to think that these brave men were neither drowned in the mountainous rollers of the reefs nor taken by the sharks infesting these waters.

The Shamrock's day is done, and she now rests, like many another fine ship at the end of her days, fathoms down in the depths of the tropical ocean.

JUNIPERO SERRA

Remembering an Old Friar

A tablet has been unveiled at Palma in Majorca in memory of Fray Junipero Serra, who died 150 years ago.

Born in 1713 in the little town of Petra, in the very heart of the island, Fray Junipero became a Franciscan friar and determined to devote his life to carrying the Gospel to the Red Indians in the Spanish colony of California.

He sailed with one companion in 1749 to Vera Cruz, Mexico. Then they travelled by foot across Mexico to California, where they established many missions, founding a civilisation whose Spanish features still survive.

America is proud of this son of Spain, and in her National Hall of Fame at Washington his statue stands in the company of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington.

HE MADE LONDON'S PORT

Lord Devonport's
Energetic Life

A BUILDER'S SON'S WAY TO FAME AND FORTUNE

One of the ablest organisers of this generation has passed away in Lord Devonport, whose name will go down to posterity as the man who made the Port of London what it is.

As Secretary to the Board of Trade he piloted through Parliament a Bill which combined all the docks and other transport interests of the lower Thames into one body.

He then became the first chairman of this new Authority; a task he accomplished with amazing success.

Lord Devonport was Hudson Kearley, the youngest son of an Uxbridge builder. As a lad he entered the tea trade and at 21 began on his own account. He and a friend built up the great enterprise now known as the International Stores.

Good Work in Parliament

Mr Kearley then entered Parliament as a Liberal for Devonport and became spokesman for the sailors of the Navy and the employees of the dockyards. He attacked the administration of the Royal Patriotic Fund, which had been set up after the Crimean War to give pensions to those who had suffered in their country's wars, and secured its reorganisation on a fairer system.

Another subject in which he took special interest was the purity of food. When it became necessary to ration food supplies in the third year of the war he was appointed Food Controller.

But it was in his work at the Port of London that he shone most brilliantly, courageously tackling vested interests or labour unions in an impartial manner. For a time he incurred great unpopularity on both sides, but his energy and determination to re-establish London as a port without an equal won everybody to his side.

AN ANCIENT TRAVELLER IN CORNWALL

Perhaps the First Visitor To
Mawgan Porth

Perhaps the people who flock to Cornwall every summer will like to know about one who went there long, long ago.

While digging the foundations for a new hotel only 200 yards from the beach at Mawgan Porth, between Newquay and Bedruthan Steps, workmen found a stone coffin containing a man's skeleton. It is said that the burial may be dated 350 B.C.

Why was the man buried on the beach? In ancient times there was a shrine here, and it is thought he may have been a pilgrim who died on a visit to it, and was buried near.

Here he came, seeking some boon, probably the one which modern pilgrims to North Cornwall seek from the sea and air, the boon of health. Instead he received the boon of peace.

Other visitors go when the cold weather comes, but here he has stayed, like the unchanging rocks and sea.

Seaside places love the visitors, who bring prosperity with them, and we hope Mawgan Porth will honour the memory of this ancient unknown man who may, perhaps, be described as the first of her visitors.

A CITY'S SHEEP

The Birmingham City Council are owners of a flock of 25,000 sheep, scattered over the hillsides of the Elan Valley in Wales, the source of the city's water supply.

These sheep are leased to farmers in the neighbourhood, who are expected to maintain the numbers allotted to them.

THE HITLER CIRCUS

One More Spectacle

WHAT WILL HAPPEN
WHEN WINTER COMES?

Never was a man or a party more expert than Herr Hitler and the Nazis in staging spectacles, but even they have never before reached a higher pinnacle of achievement than at Nuremberg in the early days of this month.

Few towns in Germany equal Nuremberg for natural charm, but the Nazis turned it into a fairyland with bunting by day and coloured lights by night. Five hundred trains took party representatives from all over Germany, while hundreds of thousands came to watch.

Another body of men was present in force, a large detachment of the Reichwehr, who had marched with their huge packs on their backs all through the night yet goose-stepped into the city as fresh as if they were only on parade.

The Spirit of Bombast

Their presence with their generals was symbolical of the change which has taken place in recent months, the army and the S.S. having replaced the supreme power of the Brownshirts, who alone had organised this annual conference in previous years. The spirit of bombast, however, ran through the proceedings in greater force than ever, and culminated in the declaration of Herr Hitler that in the next thousand years no more revolutions would take place in Germany. We will wait and see!

Referring to the four million Germans who voted against him he announced that an intensive campaign was to be started to win them, and he threatened to shatter all who remained outside the Nazi fold. He continued his attack on the Jews, and described literature as having done more than all the other arts to divide the peoples from each other.

Roman emperors tickled the palates of their subservient people with circuses and gave them doles of food from the rich granaries of the East, and Rome is where it is. Hitler can rival them in martial displays and circuses; what will he do when winter comes and he is asked for food by a nation which is short of it?

A GALLANT MAN

There has died in peaceful Devon a man who many times risked his life during the war, once in rescuing a wounded man under heavy fire.

Major-General Ernest Alexander was one of the first V.C.s of the war.

On August 24, 1914, at Elouges near Mons, he was in command of a battery. All the horses were killed and almost every man was killed or wounded, but he and a brave handful were trying to save the guns.

Captain Francis Grenfell, 9th Lancers, with some officers and men, went to help him, and hard work they had, manhandling the guns over heavy ground, under heavy fire.

Grenfell was twice wounded, but the guns were saved at last.

For this both Grenfell and Alexander received the V.C.

TOMMY AND HIS VIKING

Tommy Charles of Paddington will never forget his holiday at Deal. He will think himself a lucky boy for more reasons than one.

Tommy is eight and went for a flight in an aeroplane over Ramsgate Harbour. He took his toy yacht up with him, and, alas! dropped it into the sea.

Seven days later Tommy went fishing in Sandwich Bay with his father, and saw something floating toward their anchored boat. It was his lost yacht.

History does not relate what the yacht's original name was; but Tommy felt that a change of name was indicated. It is now called the Viking.

AMERICA FACES THE WINTER

ONE IN SIX NEEDS RELIEF

Poverty in the World's
Richest Country

MONEY THAT DOES NOT SERVE

Despite all President Roosevelt's efforts the United States faces a winter of acute distress.

The National Emergency Council has drawn up a report stating that severe poverty is increasing, and likely to increase steadily during the long American winter.

By next February five million families are expected to be existing on pittance from the Federal Relief Fund. That means over 20 million men, women, and children on public charity, or about one in six of the population.

In July and August business declined in many departments of trade. At the same time the cost of living rose. Imports and exports fell off.

Many things have contributed to this unhappy economic condition. Not the least is drought, which has seriously affected 23 of the 48 United States. The losses of these States have curbed their power to maintain their own poor, who have become a Federal (Central Government) charge. Labour troubles have directly affected textiles, railway and dock work, carpets and hosiery, and all industries indirectly.

An Extraordinary Situation

What makes the American situation so extraordinary is that the United States is naturally the richest country in the world, with more water-power, oil, coal, iron, copper, lead, and zinc than any other nation.

Mr Roosevelt's work should not be underrated, but the President cannot suddenly organise the output and exchanges of 48 States, of widely differing resources and needs, which have for so long cherished individualism.

America has come to grief, despite natural wealth and power production, because her money system has failed; and in different degree that is true of all the nations.

Mankind awaits the invention of an efficient means of exchanging goods readily produced, goods which are not being produced because they would be unsaleable by present methods. The whole world is full of needy buyers who have no money means of commanding output.

11 POOR BIRDS

We hear of one more sad tragedy on the roads, which will not come into the records of our Transport Ministry.

A motorist was driving down a lane near Eastleigh in Hampshire when a most astonishing thing happened, a large flock of sparrows suddenly flying from the hedge. There must have been several scores of birds, and a number of them were caught by the windshield of the car.

The impact of the birds against the glass sounded as if missiles were being thrown at the screen, and when the driver stopped, and walked back a little distance, he found that eleven dead birds were lying in the road.

MORE WORK BEING DONE

The Ministry of Labour's better employment report for the day count of August 20 shows a purely statistical increase in the number of registered idle. This is misleading, for the increase was caused by the registration of boys and girls leaving school at 14 to seek work.

There was more work in August than in July, the number of insured employed rising to 10,170,000, which is 34,000 more than in July and 376,000 more than in August 1933.

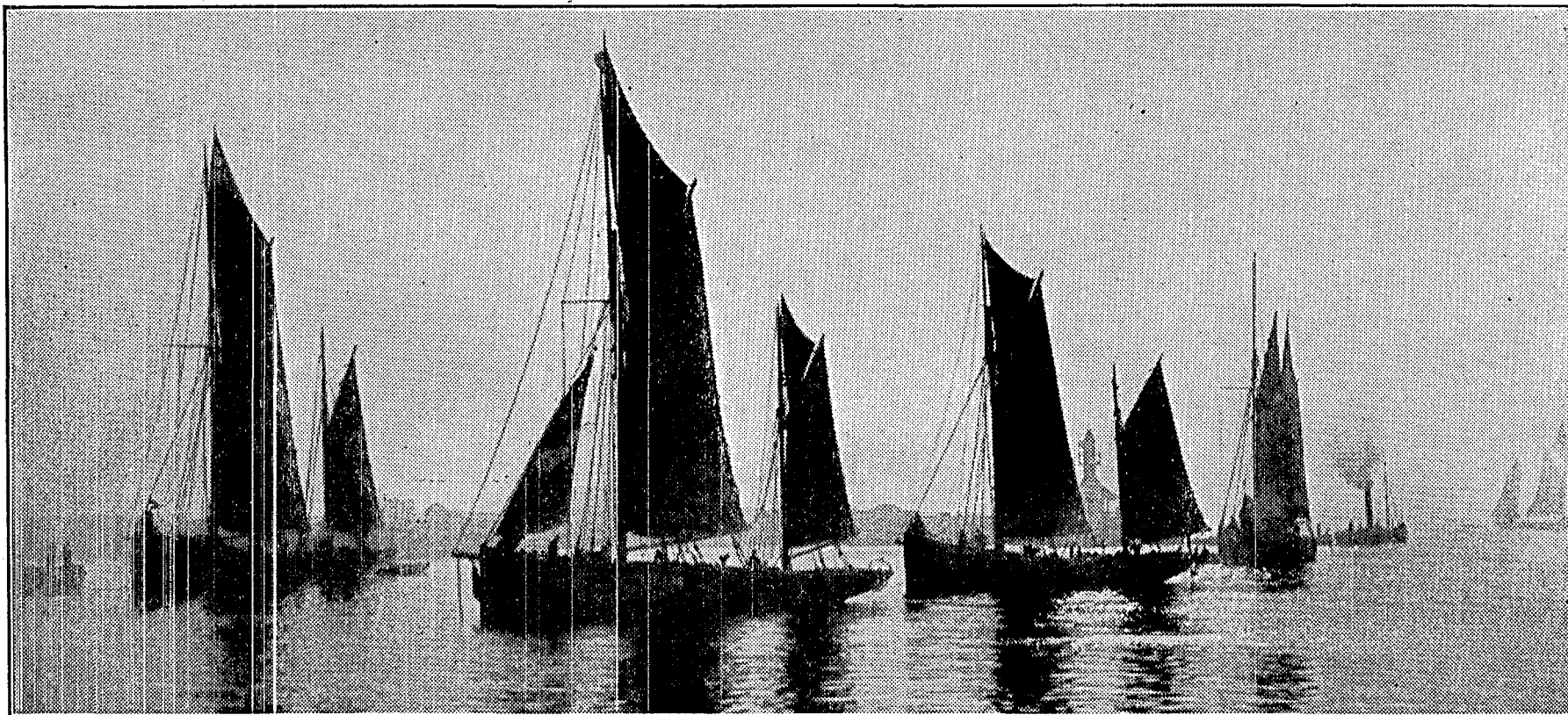
Very welcome is the increase in coal-mining, building, and shipbuilding.

September 22, 1934

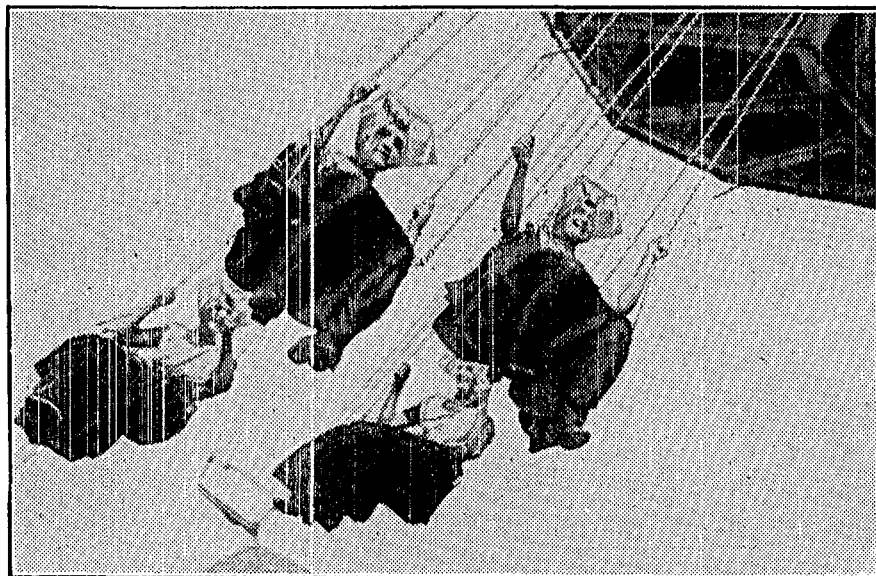
The Children's Newspaper

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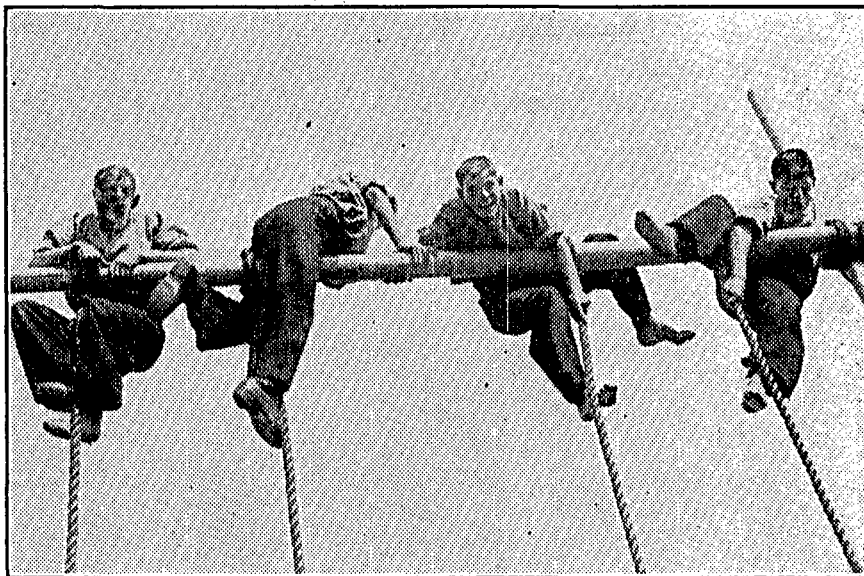
THE FISHING FLEET · AEROPLANE WITHOUT A TAIL · A DUTCH FAIR



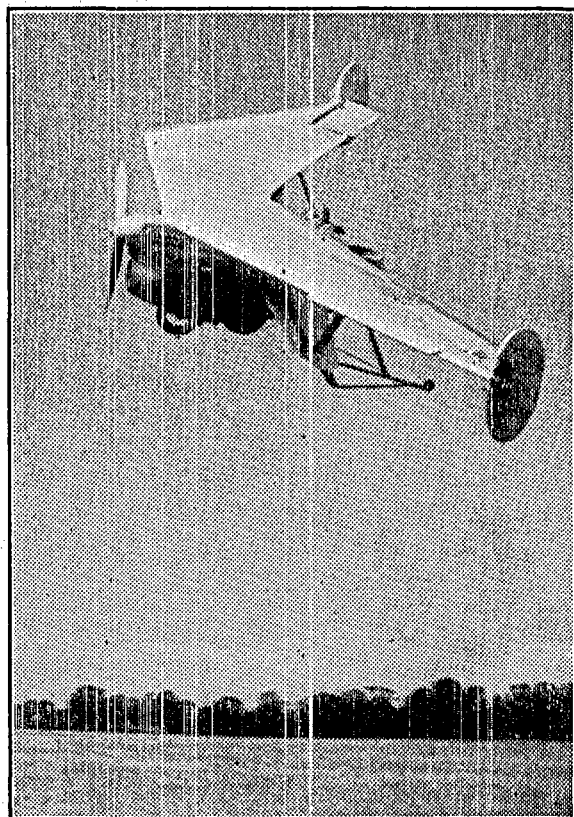
Dawn—The dark sails of the Lowestoft fishing fleet patterned against the morning sky.



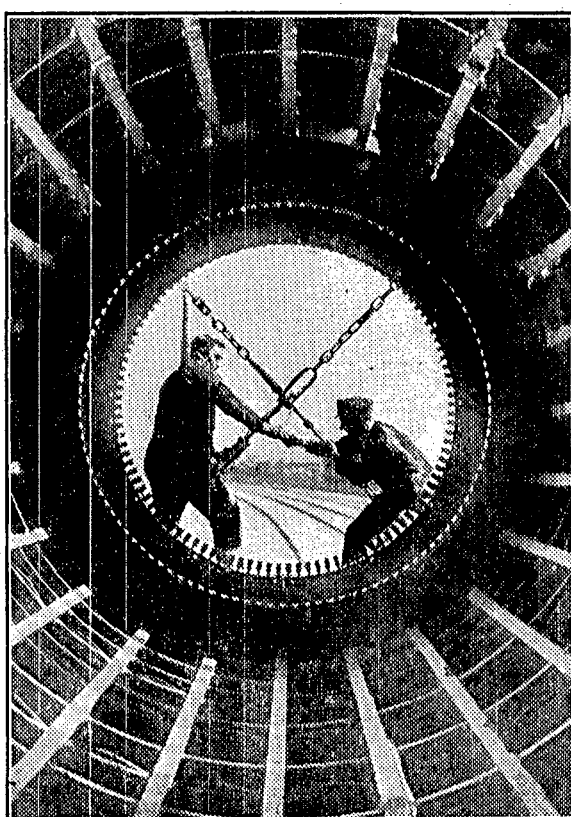
On the Roundabout—Dutch girls enjoying the fun of the fair in Zeeland.



Sailors of Tomorrow—Boys of the Warspite training-ship in a race at Grays in Essex.



Tailless Aeroplane—The latest type of aeroplane without a tail is here seen on a trial flight over Yeovil.



A Big Load—This 42-ton stator casing for a generator was moved from Acton to Battersea Power Station by rail.



Shrimps For Tea—A holiday-making shrimper, hopefully carries a big basket to hold her catch.

UNDER THE KREMLIN NAPOLEON'S PRIVATE BOX

Hidden Before the Retreat of
the Grand Army

FAMOUS FORTRESS YIELDING
UP ITS SECRETS

So generously have the French placed their spoils of art and letters at the service of scholars that it is usually forgotten that many of the paintings, much of the sculpture, and cases of manuscripts are loot from conquered lands.

Napoleon was the most enterprising of all looters, and this phase of his activities has recently been brought into prominence by the discovery of something he failed to bring home, a treasure of his own he would hardly have left behind had he not been in dire straits.

It is an iron box containing private letters and official documents, and it has come to light during the demolition of an old wall in the Kremlin at Moscow, where it must have been hastily hidden when the setting fire to the city in 1812 compelled the retreat of the Grand Army.

The box must have been his most intimate possession, as it contains his private seal and the medals with which he would decorate his favourite soldiers. In it is a detailed programme of his plans for the complete subjugation of Russia, the biggest of all the schemes his brain ever conceived.

A Gift To the Tsar

This discovery is one of many which have been made in the course of repairs to the Kremlin, one recalling the Emperor in more genial mood. He had signed the Treaty of Tilsit with Tsar Alexander, dividing Europe between them in 1807, and there has been found in a hole in the same wall as the box a splendid porcelain service made in Egypt, a priceless example of the potter's art, the gift of Napoleon to the Tsar.

The other finds go back to the days when the Kremlin was built by Floraventi of Bologna, the Italian genius who was blinded by his ruthless employer, Tsar Ivan the Third, as soon as his task was done. Ivan's father had acquired a library of ancient manuscripts, and some of these, including the works of Livy, Cicero, and Tacitus, have been found.

Hoard of gold and precious stones are believed to have been hidden under the walls of this great medieval fortress, and it is hoped they will soon be discovered.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE It is Cotton-Picking Time

Cotton-picking is going on busily, one of the sights of the south in America.

Though it is back-breaking work, it is looked upon as a holiday by the descendants of the slaves, in much the same spirit as we find in the slum families going down to pick hops in Kent.

Early in the morning the Negroes sling the straps of six-foot-long bags over their shoulders and set about picking, the long sacks trailing along the ground after them when full.

They all start together, each, except the children, taking two rows at a time to pick. Like so many scarecrows come to life they look in their badly-kept and queerly-assorted clothes, but they sing their joy in the sunshine and the snowy cotton, and the wages come at sundown.

Negro spirituals are the favourite type of song, and it is touching to hear these child-like people singing their thanks so simply to the Giver of cotton and all good things.

When backs are aching unbearably the pickers rise up and stretch and writh their bodies to the accompaniment of an especially lively Negro tune. As the soft white piles of cotton grow higher and higher in the pens the Negro songs grow more and more wild with joy.

NIAGARA FORT A PEACE MEMORIAL

A GATHERING OF
OLD FOES

Peace Has the Longest Boundary
Line Between Two Nations
3260 MILES WITHOUT A GUN

Niagara—with some of the biggest power houses in the world on its banks, belonging on the one side to America and on the other to Canada, sending light and power across thousands of miles of the New World—is a symbol of the high civilisation to which the English-speaking races have attained.

Its glorious falls and scenery draw visitors from the ends of the Earth, and it seems hardly possible that a little over 100 years ago this amazing place was the scene of battles in which the British fought the French, the English-speaking peoples fought each other, and Red Indians took part on either side. The fighting took place round Fort Niagara, which has just been dedicated to the perpetuation of peace between the four races who fought each other.

Leaders of the World

The dedication ceremony will live long in the memories of those who were present, among them many leaders of the world today. There was Admiral Keyes leading the British representatives, M. Flandin, Minister of Public Works, at the head of the French deputation, while Mr Dern, the American Secretary for War, represented the great nation which last fought here in 1812. Above him floated the American flag of that year, the flag which then had but 15 stars, and beside it floated flags with the lilies of the French kings and the cross of St George, under which General Wolfe went into battle.

Fort Niagara henceforward is an important landmark of peace beside that great boundary which runs by land and water for 3260 miles marked only by a few posts of aluminium bronze on land and by range marks beside the Great Lakes. It is the longest boundary line that any two nations have.

Across these vast inland seas, across prairies boundless as the ocean, across the Rockies and the Selkirks, the line runs undefended, a perpetual sign of the trustful friendship of our English-speaking peoples everywhere.

TOFFEE AT OLYMPIA

Olympia sees many transformations, and those boys and girls who went to the Chocolate and Confectionery Exhibition will never forget the streets of alluring little houses filled with toffee, chocolates, and toys filled with sweets.

One almost wished it was December 25, there were so many delightful ideas for Christmas presents. Hundreds of crackers added to the gaiety of the scene, and most were so lovely that it seemed a shame they should ever be pulled.

Absurdly tame-looking Loch Ness monsters filled with butterscotch, doll's houses loaded with toffee, and Tiny Town shops. One shop was a slum child's paradise. Almost everything cost a halfpenny and bore the name of Trebor, which is as familiar in Bethnal Green as the name of Cadbury in Birmingham.

WHAT THE JEWS GAVE TO THE WORLD

The Bible is the greatest book in the world, and the greatest contribution to human culture, human thought, and human religion.

Let us not forget that this book is the contribution of the Jews to mankind. In these days, when one sees again the horrid head of persecution, and when the spirit of intolerance is abroad, let us remember that this extraordinary little people, so highly gifted, made this supreme contribution to the welfare of the world.
General Smuts

WHY GERMANY CANNOT PAY

The Machinery of Trade
DEMANDING PAYMENT WHILE
REFUSING IT

The machinery of foreign trade is so little understood that again and again we find laughable errors made by popular writers dealing with the subject.

Some American writers have recently declared that we ought to pay off the American War Debt by handing over our Budget surplus. But English banknotes are useless to America, which needs her own currency. To pay America in American currency can only be done by exporting goods or gold to buy that currency. We have no goldmines, and America refuses goods.

So with the present German situation. Germany cannot pay her debts abroad because she has largely lost her exporting power, and only exports could enable her to find foreign money with which to pay. Herr Hess has put the matter very clearly:

It is a fundamental error, he says, to believe that it would be possible to pay German debts abroad through the use of the German workmen at present unemployed, and of the material now available in Germany. To pay debts means to export, either directly in the form of money or in the form of goods.

A Universal Difficulty

This, let us remember, is universally true. Each country in the world is finding it increasingly difficult to export. Unable to find foreign currency by exporting, each country becomes a bad buyer. If it owes money abroad, as Germany does, it cannot find exports to pay off either principal or interest.

Some business men thoughtlessly ask "Why does Germany not pay?" Yet at the same time they clamour for German goods (German payments) to be increasingly shut out.

The truth is, as we have so often pointed out, that the only means of trading is by the exchange of goods, goods being the only real international exchange known to nations.

What is happening now is that all the world is longing to trade and is destroying the only means of trading.

NEWS FROM CHURCH TOWERS

The Penny and the Clock

Seldom do England's many church towers come into the news unless the passing years threaten their beauty and dignity, but two many miles apart have broken the rule of silence.

One of them, at Filey, was stirred by lightning to unexpected speech. Its clock had been silent for months. The lightning flash moved something in its works, and it began to strike again.

The other, at Bristol, had a more passive share in its recent publicity. On the top of the 250-foot spire a steeplejack placed a penny 21 years ago. Through all those winters and summers the spire carefully guarded its small dole, and when the same steeplejack again climbed the spire for repairs the other day there it was.

He brought it down as a wonder, though we might be sure that he would leave another in its place.

SAVING ROME'S MARSHES

Something Like Progress

We have often described the remarkable land reclamation in the Pontine Marshes to the south of Rome.

When the work was begun only 450 acres producing 200 tons of cereals were under cultivation. This year the productive area of the reclaimed land amounts to 16,500 acres on which 7500 tons of cereals have been grown.

NINE DAYS OF WONDER

THE LITTLE ENGINEER
THIS YEAR

The Marvellous Things Brought
Together at a Show

EARL AND MESSENGER BOY

This year's Model Engineer Exhibition was better than ever, and it was not surprising that great crowds were drawn to Westminster during its nine days.

These were days of wonder for the boys and girls who were lucky enough to be in London. Rarely have so many model aeroplanes been seen together. They hovered over the stalls like giant insects, and some of them were of beautiful shapes with transparent wings.

One longed to nibble a mushroom and become small enough to climb into the Imperial Airways liner, to sit in one of the inviting-looking cabins, and fly to fairyland.

Toy Machinery

Many of the models will be treasured in museums in days to come. The Old English harvest wain, brightly painted in scarlet and blue, was as much a delight to the eye as the York-to-London mail coach of a hundred years ago. There were lifeboats, speedboats, traction engines, mowing machines, roundabouts, travelling cranes, and a knight in armour who seemed to be looking in amazement at the London double-decker bus with its silver roof.

A hum of toy machinery came from the busy working models. These were literally entrancing, for it was difficult to break the spell and tear oneself away from the Lilliputian engines. They had been made with such care and perseverance that one was encouraged by the thought that England has by no means lost her craftsmen. They are simply doing different work with the old patience and skill of their forefathers. Robot, take heed!

Nobody could leave the exhibition without being richer in knowledge. There was the Humaniscope, the latest wireless marvel which can be influenced by a living person and used, with the help of the invisible ray, to control a wireless transmitter, and so on.

Primitive Boats

Close by was a particularly interesting exhibit of model currachs and coracles. Five of the 15 types of these primitive boats still in use today were shown. The designs are many centuries old, and probably the little vessels were used round the coasts of our little island before the Romans came.

Among the model makers were a policeman, an earl, a scaffolder, a general, and a messenger boy. The present vogue for model making is caused partly by the model engineering societies and railway, boat, and aeroplane clubs, of which several hundreds have sprung up all over the country and also overseas. Competitions are doing much to encourage the movement. We cannot have too much of a good thing, and if ever a hobby ought to be encouraged it is that of making models.

WHERE THE BALL WAS

News From the Pitch

At a cricket match in the Midlands a very fast ball was sent down by the bowler. It reached the batsman, but vanished.

Fielders and spectators joined in the hunt and came to the conclusion that the batsman hit it with such tremendous force that neither the umpire nor the fielders saw it go over the boundary. There was, however, one very observant spectator who enjoyed the joke and shouted out to the batsman to feel in his pocket.

The batsman thrust his hand into his trouser pocket, and there was the ball.

THE LITTLE HORSE

WHY HE APPEARS INVERTED

As He Was Seen Ten Thousand Years Ago

HIS FIVE BRIGHTEST STARS

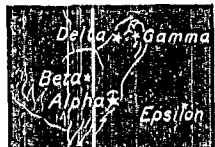
By the C.N. Astronomer

Equuleus, the Little Horse, or Foal, of the heavens, is a small constellation now high up in the southern sky after about 9 o'clock, almost midway between Altair and the Great Square of Pegasus, the great Flying Horse. Equuleus will be readily found with the aid of our star-map to the south-east of the Dolphin, described in the C.N. of September 8.

The discovery of Equuleus has been ascribed to the Greek astronomer Hipparchus. He lived about 160 B.C. and compiled a catalogue of 1080 stars, including the Little Horse.

Actually only the Head of Equuleus is represented, as outlined in the star-map, and inverted, as in the case of Pegasus.

The Egyptian astronomer Ptolemy, who lived about 300 years after Hipparchus, described this constellation in his great Almagest as Hippon-potome (River-horse).



The chief stars of Equuleus, the Little Horse, or Foal

One reason for believing that Equuleus is, like most of the constellations, of greater antiquity than ancient records indicate is the fact that Equuleus, like Pegasus, Hercules, Lyra, and Cygnus, now appears inverted.

About 10,000 years ago these constellations would not have been so presented to the peoples of Ancient Egypt or Chaldea, but have appeared upright. They would have passed to the north of the observer or overhead at culmination, very much as the Great Bear does now.

In fact, the brilliant star Vega of the Lyre would at that remote period have appeared very near to the North Pole of the heavens and have constituted the Pole Star of those times.

In 12,000 or 15,000 years time these constellations will be again in these positions and appear upright once more; while the Southern Cross and the Centaur will be visible from England. This is due to the Precession of the Equinoxes.

The five brightest stars of Equuleus will be easily recognised to the left of those of the Dolphin. Alpha, of fourth magnitude, is a great sun at a distance 5,886,000 times that of our Sun, its light taking 93 years to reach us. It takes but 40 years from Beta, which is composed of three stars; these, however, are probably seen in the line of sight and are not actually near together.

The Three Suns of Delta

Gamma, at a distance of 142 light-years, is seen with low telescopic powers to be two stars of 4.2 and 5.7 magnitude respectively. The larger one has apparently a small companion sun which probably revolves round it.

Delta, only 54 light-years away, is of the greatest interest, being composed of three suns, which form one system. Two of these may be seen in a telescope of three inches aperture, but the largest star is seen through powerful telescopes to be composed of two suns. Each of these is slightly larger than our Sun and they are about 400 million miles apart, travelling in vast orbits round a central point in 5 years and 255 days.

The star Epsilon is also composed of three suns which may be physically connected by gravitation. The largest of these is about 192 light-years distant. Thus Equuleus, for so small a constellation, is of great interest. G. F. M.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Death of Robert Emmet

SEPTEMBER 20

This song was written by Thomas Moore when Sarah Curran left Ireland after the execution of her lover Robert Emmet as a rebel on September 20, 1803.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah, little they think who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh, make her a grave where the sun-beams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

A GARDEN OF THE WORLD

Osaka's Good Idea

Compassion for suffering is a common human trait.

Dr Mayeda, Director of the new Japanese Red Cross Hospital in Osaka, wants his garden to tell this story. He has asked every Red Cross Society in the world to send him plants, seeds, or shrubs for the hospital garden, where silently they may bear witness that the right-minded citizens of some 60 countries work for the good of mankind.

The Red Cross Societies have passed on Dr Mayeda's request to their junior members, and the children of each country are trying to select a plant or flower emblematic of their people, able to withstand the rigours of the journey, and suitable to the Osaka climate.

A beautiful Japanese garden breathes the spirit of peace as do few other spots in the world. If Dr Mayeda's international garden lives up to the national standard in this respect it will be a sermon in flowers.

We should like to see this sort of hospital garden in every land, and leaders obliged to go there whenever they feel borne down by cares of State.

A WORD TO CANADA

Saw Your Timber To Size

Canada is now selling us large quantities of the timber known as British Columbian Pine in Canada and Oregon Pine in the United States.

It is the wood of that splendid tree the Douglas fir, of which mighty forests still exist in the North American continent. It is a beautiful and hard wood, although difficult to plane. The great flagstaff at Kew Gardens is a straight spar of Douglas fir 100 feet long.

Canada might sell us more of her excellent pine if she would take more trouble with it. A builder tells us that he bought some for 9-inch deep first-floor joists, but repented his purchase when he found how carelessly the wood was got out. The joists varied in thickness as much as a quarter of an inch, which caused great trouble in working.

We hope our Canadian friends will profit by this hint.

A BOLD BAD BEAR

HOW HE WAS REFORMED

Tree Kangaroo Plays Truant and is Put Behind Bars

LIVELY BABY RATTLESNAKES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Another interesting Zoo nursery has been established in the Reptile House, a rattlesnake having become the mother of three babies.

As a rule rattlesnakes have from thirty to forty young at a time, but in this case the mother had reason to be proud of her offspring, as, though small in number, they were surprisingly large, fat, and lively youngsters.

The mother is little more than three feet long, but each of her babies at birth measured eleven inches and had such a thick layer of fat under its skin that it required no food for several days.

Now, however, the baby snakes are being specially fed. They are exactly like their grown-up relatives except that the "rattle" at the tip of the tail consists of only one button and therefore makes no noise.

Trouble at Whipsnade

The little snakes, however, try hard to make a terrifying rattle whenever they are irritated. They have fangs with which to bite and a supply of poison which is as strong and dangerous as the venom of an adult rattlesnake, but the quantity they can inject is limited by the smallness of their fangs.

The Regent's Park menagerie has had to adopt two miscreants from Whipsnade. One of them is a sloth bear who had to be banished from the country zoo because he would not agree with the other bears. His housemates were larger and more powerful than he is, but somehow he managed to frighten them and made their lives a misery by continually biting them.

Consequently, as they would not retaliate and make him behave reasonably, he was sent to the London Gardens. Here he was placed in a den with another sloth bear, a Syrian bear, and a number of sun-bears.

Twice Out of Bounds

Almost immediately the bad bear proceeded to repeat his misdeeds, but the Syrian bear turned on him and the second sloth bear also began to teach him a lesson, with the result that he is now a nicely-mannered member of the bear community.

The other animal sent away from Whipsnade under a cloud is a tree kangaroo. He escaped from his enclosure and was not missed until about to leap over the fence surrounding the Zoological Park. By then he had a good start and was not sighted till he was six miles away.

In due course he was recaptured, but it was felt that he would be safer if housed behind bars in the London Zoo, for this was the second time that he had broken out of bounds.

A BRIDGE PROBLEM

A bridge spanning the River Sile at Canizzano near Venice has been stolen.

Built of American larchwood and 80 feet long, it was a rickety affair long since closed to traffic, and why anybody should want to steal it is a mystery. But, as Admiral Bob Evans of the American Navy once said of souvenir hunters, there are people who would steal anything except a cellar full of water.

The Canizzano bridge would be a rather difficult prize as a souvenir. We might suppose its destination to be that of lighting some humble fires in the State of Venice. But the thieves seem to have taken the piers of the bridge as well as the birchwood span.

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

PER HALF POUND

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE

©532

Just as Onions go with Steak—

steak goes better with HP SAUCE

Your dinner table—like those in the best grill-rooms—should always carry the 4th Condiment. A tender, juicy steak deserves this thick fruit sauce to make the most of its flavour. Stewed steak, too, can be vastly improved by a few drops of good old H.P. Sauce. And what appetite and excellent digestion it gives you! 9d. per bottle.

The 4th Condiment & 1st Sauce

MAKING THE RAILWAYS PAY A Transport Board AMAZING FIGURES OF THEIR RIVALS

We are not the only country faced with the hard problem of making the railways pay, now and in the future. A similar situation has arisen in every country in the world.

On this text Mr H. M. Hallsworth spoke to the economists of the British Association and outlined a possible way out. Motor transport by road is the lion in the path. It has eaten into the railway's profits. Our railway revenue has fallen by nearly a third in the last ten years. This has been in part met by a reduction in expenditure amounting to a little less than the equivalent of the loss in revenue. Most European and American railways are in the same case. The dividends of the shareholders have fallen all round by nearly 2 per cent.

Mr Hallsworth gave some figures of the numbers of motor vehicles—public, private, and industrial—now competing with the railways. In Great Britain these are now approaching the two-million mark. The vehicles for carrying passengers number 86,000, and, carrying 5418 million passengers in the year, take £57,000,000 from the railways.

The Only Remedy

There are other competitors by air and water; and the effect is shown in railway losses of passengers and goods. First-class passengers have fallen away most, from 23 million journeys to 17 million journeys in ten years; while the third-class have fallen from 823 million journeys to 657 million journeys in five years. Parcels traffic is the only thing the railways have not lost.

The only remedy permanently effective, if the undoubted advantages of rail for long distances and heavy goods are not to be thrown away, together with the capital invested, will be to unite both forms of transport, road and rail. A scheme in Ireland and the establishment of the London Passenger Transport Board show how this may be brought about, and real economy effected by bringing all the different modes of transport under one management.

KINEMAS FOR CHILDREN Most Films Too Bad For Them

The magical growth of the film industry and the great influence of "the pictures" for good or ill raise the question of Theatres for Children.

Some exceedingly good sense was recently expressed by one of the weekly papers devoted to what is called screen news. The writer points out that juvenile audiences were better catered for in the days of the silent films because the general standard of pictures was then more wholesome if less sophisticated and intelligent than it is now. This severe verdict is added:

In most weeks ninety per cent of the pictures are unsuitable for children.

We should add, for ourselves, that they are unsuitable for grown-ups too. Yet millions of children go to picture-houses every week to see some things they can enjoy and understand and many other things they do not understand.

Our contemporary suggests that fare chosen from Mickey Mouse, the Silly Symphonies, and other cartoons, with discreetly selected comedies, would send children home happy.

To these might be added special films illustrating real heroic adventure, real history, real places, real work, real lives, real natural history, and real news.

We also make a shrewd guess that these children's theatres would be very popular with adults, so that the juvenile theatre might come to reform the adult theatre, which so badly needs it.

£300 LEFT BEHIND What Amundsen Forgot in His Poverty THE EXPLORER AND HIS DOGS

Roald Amundsen sleeps in an unknown grave, shrouded by the ice and snow of the Far North which claimed at last that strong, heroic soul.

But from beyond the grave sometimes comes news of him, to reawaken the memory of what he did and how he died, in the attempt to reach the survivors of the wrecked Italian airship Italia six years ago.

The strangest of these recollections is that once he placed £300 in an English bank and forgot all about it. The revelation has come about through the recent administration in Norway of his estate, when the Midland Bank informed the Norwegian Consul-General that it had a sum amounting to nearly £350, the deposit with interest.

A Story From Australia

Another story comes from Australia, where someone met Amundsen after he had reached the South Pole. He found the explorer, as most did who knew him, a very quiet, unassuming man, who gave much of the credit of his success to his dogs. He remarked that he, through long acquaintance with sledge dogs, knew how important it was to keep them in condition, and how to do so. One of the chief things was, during the long voyage through the Tropics from the Northern Hemisphere to the South, to preserve them from salt water! Snow and ice they were used to, but the salt sea was extremely harmful to them.

Amundsen, the most careful of explorers, was probably right, but few would have guessed that the salt ocean would have this effect on the companions of his sledge journeys.

He was not a forgetful man, as all know. His deposit would have come into his recollection again if he had lived, for he was poor to the day of his death, so poor that he could not afford his last explorations.

Strange that in such poverty he should forget this fairly substantial account in a London bank.

CHEAP WIRELESS

A Standard Set For Germany

It was an excellent idea for Germany, in pursuit of popular culture, to plan a mass production of wireless receivers as a factor in National Socialist policy.

As we understand it, all the manufacturers are organised to produce a standard cheap receiver, embodying all that can be done at a low price. All the makers benefit equally, while all the buyers know that they are getting the best possible value for the money.

Buying a wireless receiver is like buying a piano or a car; we are bewildered by the multiplicity of offers and the claim of each maker to have the best. It is high time there was some sort of accepted standard and less multiplicity in these things.

INSANITY ON THE ROADS

A travelling correspondent has written to The Times to say:

I have recently returned from a stay of several months abroad, and what has struck me most forcibly on my return is the no less than insane thoughtlessness of every type of road user in England.

Stupidities that would be visited with severe penalties abroad meet here with a careless tolerance or, more often, with the blaming of the innocent party. My only surprise is the comparative paucity of accidents.

We fear this is only too true. To name one important thing, the Continental motorist always dims his lights when approaching another car, but very frequently this is not done here.

SIX VILLAGE MEN Six Houses in Their Memory A NATIONAL TRUST POSSESSION WITH A STORY

C.N. readers are familiar with the story of the Tolpuddle martyrs, and it is pleasant to record that they have been remembered in one of the most moving centenary celebrations of recent years.

It took place at Tolpuddle, the little village near Dorchester, where six cottages were dedicated to the memory of the six men who suffered a great wrong a century ago.

The Tolpuddle martyrs were a group of agricultural labourers earning seven shillings a week who met to form a union of agricultural workers in order to improve the very hard conditions of their lives. They were arrested and tried on an absurd law which was revived from the 18th century to punish them. Men of simple faith, they were caught in the teeth of a cruel system and were sent to the hulks and transported across the seas.

Punished as an Example

There was a great outcry throughout the land, intensified by the fact that the judge had said in delivering sentence that he was not punishing them for any crime they had committed but as an example to the working-classes of the country. It took two years to put right this wrong, two years during which the unhappy convicts were labouring on the roads near Botany Bay, all wearing irons. Only one, James Hamnett, returned to his native village, and a stone has just been unveiled over his grave.

The six cottages in which old folk will live have been built by the Trades Union Council and handed over to the care of the National Trust.

On the village green stands an elm where the six labourers often sat together. A village shelter and seat have been erected here, and among those who will often sit there will be William Hamnett, the old son of James, who still survives to tell to happier boys and girls the story of the days when the village labourer was little more than a chattel of the squire.

UPWARD FLIGHT OF AN EAGLE Its Amazing Speed 120 MILES AN HOUR

The swift rushes of the eagle swooping on its prey and the steep climbs it makes returning to its eyrie have fascinated men for thousands of years; the Greeks made the eagle the bird of Jupiter.

Yet few people have been able to guess how fast the eagle does fly, and it has come as a surprise to learn that a golden eagle has flown for three miles at 120 miles an hour. Being pursued by falcons, the eagle was doing its utmost, but it had to gain 1000 feet in height on its journey, which means that in a level flight its speed would have been nearly 150 miles an hour.

Dr Fraser Darling watched this eagle through a telescope, his stopwatch in hand, and he records his thrill as, after the eagle had soared upward, it left the falcons far behind in a downward swoop.

With this record established, the swift, which normally flies about 70 miles an hour but can increase its speed to 100, will have to look to its laurels. Familiar birds of our countryside do not exceed 40 or 50 miles an hour, as we have often noticed when travelling by road or rail. The eagle will have to take the aeroplane for comparisons.

When the Latin alphabet was adopted by Turkey in 1928 less than a quarter of the population could read and write; nearly a half have since learned to do so.

BY-THE-WIND SAILOR Velella Comes To Plymouth A RARE VISITOR TO OUR SHORES FROM WARMER WATERS

By a Laboratory Correspondent

At times strange and beautiful sea animals are brought into the English Channel from outside waters.

The other day the Salpa, the research vessel of the Plymouth Marine Laboratory, caught in the ring trawl one of those lovely relations of the jelly-fishes, the Velella, or (as it is sometimes called) By-the-Wind-Sailor.

The Velella is common in the Mediterranean, and on rare occasions is brought in by the westerly or south-westerly winds to drift on to our shores. The recent winds are responsible for this charming visitor. Occasionally it is seen on the western and south-western coasts in large shoals.

Origin of Popular Name

In January 1916 thousands were cast up on the rocks below Plymouth Hoe, making a blue border between tide-marks. Others have been seen within the last few years, but not in such numbers, at Falmouth and at Bude and other parts of the Cornish coast.

It owes its popular name of By-the-Wind-Sailor to the fact that it is so light that it floats on the surface of the sea, being provided with a sail or crest filled with gas which sticks up above the water. It is thus at the mercy of the wind, which often blows it about so that huge numbers are seen together, their blue colour conspicuous on the water surface.

The specimen just referred to was caught alive and had a wonderfully deep purple-blue colour. It is not quite two inches long and less than an inch wide. The float, consisting of a flat part with a sail sticking up from it obliquely, lies above the main body and is full of tiny cavities filled with gas. Below the float in the centre is a large mouth surrounded by appendages of different kinds.

The Wonderful Float

The bright blue colour is deeper on the under-surface and there is a pale, translucent blue over the float, which is of a paper-like quality and of an extraordinary light weight. When dried this float is very pretty, being transparent and colourless with the air-spaces showing as small compartments arranged more or less concentrically. It is now so light that it can be blown away like a feather, but can be kept perfectly well as a museum specimen—the only part of the animal that can be preserved in a dry state.

Simple contractile tentacles border the under-surface and these serve for capturing the food, being armed with thread cells which sting and stun the live animals, chiefly small shrimp-like creatures which are its natural prey.

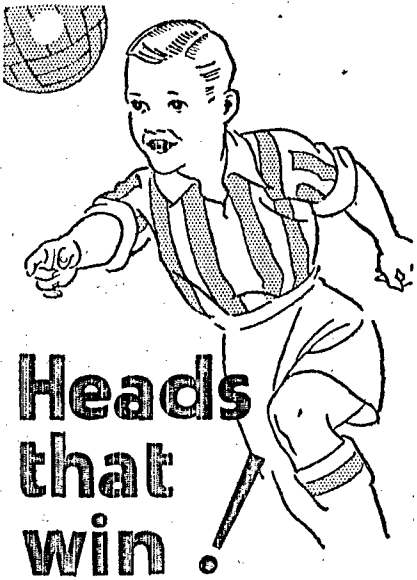
The thicker processes farther in and surrounding the mouth also have thread cells at the ends, and above they bear small reproductive buds which become detached and swim about as tiny jelly-fishes bearing the eggs.

IN THE EVENING OF HIS DAYS

What is a busy man to do when he retires? This is what one man did, a colonel in the Indian Army, William Ayerst, who died the other day.

He devoted his expert knowledge of Indian languages to translations of the Bible in Braille for Christians in Eastern lands.

He began the work single-handed when he retired 25 years ago, and it developed into the Braille Missionary Union, which not only supplies foreign Scriptures and primers but also makes grants to blind Evangelists.



**Heads
that
win!**

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RECIPE.

½ lb. Self-raising Flour, or ½ lb. Plain Flour
and teaspoonful of Baking Powder. ¼ lb.
of Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

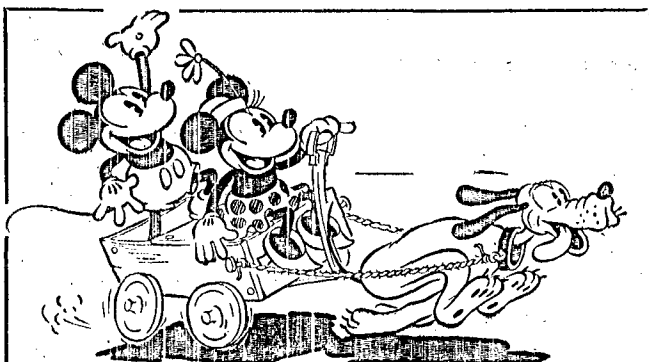
This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

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who wants a Hobby!

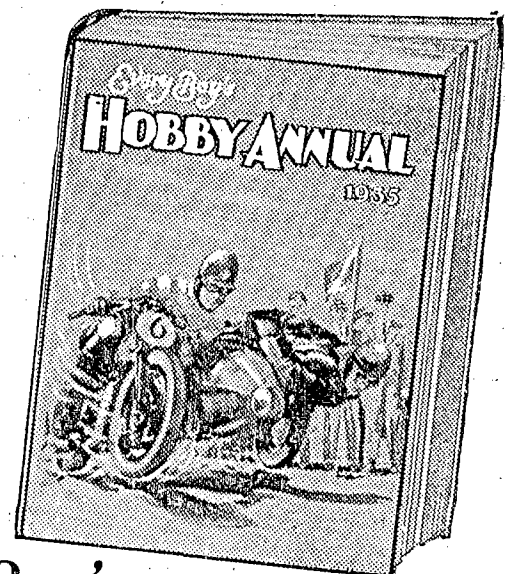


MAKING "MICKEY MOUSE" FILMS!

This is just one of the interesting articles in EVERY BOY'S HOBBY ANNUAL.

It tells you exactly how Walt Disney's clever cartoons are made, and traces the process from the very first brainwave until the completed film is creating laughter all over the world.

WHEN you can't go out-of-doors and staying in becomes boring, let EVERY BOY'S HOBBY ANNUAL tell you how to start fascinating new hobbies, how to get fresh interest from your old ones, and how you can take up the latest and brightest pastimes. EVERY BOY'S HOBBY ANNUAL is a book you will read, re-read and read again. It tells in simple language all the latest information about motor-cars and motor-cycles, railways, aviation and modern inventions. Profusely illustrated with photos and working diagrams. There are also two large, folding photogravure plates.



Every Boy's
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On Sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers 6^s Net.

THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story

By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 15

In the Wood

YES; Harbour was in excellent spirits. It was one of those days, bright and crisp with a flicker of sunshine, which were bound to make a person feel at the top of his form. His bad knee was troubling him less, and his thoughts weren't concerned with Gastalin and Senex and all their weird nonsense.

Nonsense? Of course it was nonsense. Bodlands was jolly. And Dendy was jolly. And Truman and Pop and their ridiculous radio set weren't half bad! Even the woods would be jolly when he got into them. Yes; everything today was perfectly splendid. Oh, he was going to have a good time at Bodlands!

He was hurrying along with his happy reflections when he met an old gentleman, who passed him with a friendly wave of his stick.

Harbour turned to look after him. He knew who it was. That tall, gaunt person, a little stooping, with the iron-grey hair and ill-fitting clothes—always in well-worn tweeds and never with an overcoat whatever the weather—that was Mr John Gravesend, who had founded the school and then built himself a little house not so far off.

They all knew about him. How he had made his money abroad; how he had saved and saved and denied himself almost everything and piled up a fortune for the sole purpose of founding a school when he came home to England. And then how he had not waited till he came home but, while winding up his vast affairs in California, with his oil wells in Mexico and his Argentine ranches, he had sent instructions to England for the purchase of suitable land, and had speedily followed these up with instructions for building.

That was common knowledge now to the people at Bodlands. They found it rather romantic, for John Gravesend when a boy had had no sort of teaching except in a little village school in Staffordshire. And that not for long. The lad had just turned eleven when his father, who was a miner, had sold off his goods and taken him with his mother and brother abroad.

But poverty and battling for his own hand and ultimate success had neither spoiled nor soured this son of a Staffordshire miner. Left without kith or kin (for his mother had died on the passage out to the States and his brother had perished in a Mexican revolution) John Gravesend had vowed, it was said, to go on making money till he had enough to fulfil his ambition to help boys in the Old Country to what he himself had missed.

And that is how the old gentleman's dream had come true and the school he had visioned through years of endurance, while fighting hunger and biting cold in the wilds, thirsting for water with cracked lips on the Sierras, braving perils and violence, and while presently seeing his money begin to accumulate, while buying and selling, directing and swaying world's markets—that dream of his constant vision had sprung into being in the noble edifice that was now Bodlands School.

But John Gravesend had not rested then from his labours. That which he had created he would control. Accordingly, home at last for his school's formal opening, he had formed a Governing Body to whom he had handed over the trust deeds, with the stipulation that he remained as their chairman. Wisely he had made it a very small body; there were three of them, all Londoners, besides himself.

"For I'd like to keep my school under my eye," he had said. "When one has all one's eggs in one basket one should look after it."

But this he had said with a whimsical little smile in those kindly grey eyes of his.

He lived frugally. In his little house—within reach, yet not too near, as he had explained, "to make himself a nuisance"—there were no indications of his great wealth. Some said he had stripped himself of his all to make his great school second to none, and endow it lavishly after his death. At any rate, it is certain that his personal spendings were small, that he used his legs instead of a car, and that sometimes, after rambling around the playing-fields, he would take a party of youngsters into the tuckshop, invite them to help themselves, and, after they had done so, discover that his pockets were empty.

"You'll have to book it up to me," he would smile to Tim Manifold. And Tim, in his scarlet-striped waistcoat behind the tuckshop's counter, that little bird-like man with his quick, fluttering movements,

would return the smile and say, "That's quite all right, sir." Then would watch the old gentleman out with a gentle expression, an expression so different from his usual sharp look, and would often mutter to the boys, when he'd gone, "We don't grow many of his sort in these days, worse luck!"

"Tim, weren't you once his servant somewhere abroad?"

"I was. And I know a good master, my lad, when I see one."

Such was the singular, romantic, and resolute personage who passed Harbour now on the road and greeted him with that friendly wave of his walking-stick.

Harbour sped on. Every moment he was expecting to sight Crittall.

His way led past the ratcatcher's shanty again, where this time he noticed symptoms of habitation in a flimsy rag of a curtain at the window, and round the corner to the flints and old Senex before branching into the narrow lane for the footpath across the water-meadows to the woods. He thought of asking Senex if he'd seen Crittall.

But, on second thoughts, that might easily drift into a chat, which wouldn't be playing the game with Deane, he reflected. So he strode along, with no more than a nod to the stonebreaker, then turned eagerly into the rutted lane. The men who carted the turnips made use of this lane.

He fancied that Crittall might be waiting along here, perched on one of the gates at the side and swinging his legs. He did find someone upon a gate. But not Crittall. It was a fellow from the School House.

He had better luck when he reached the end of the lane, where he ran into a little party of boys from the school noisily debating whether to carry on to the woods or to turn for the slate quarry. They declared they had seen Crittall trotting across the water-meadows; so Harbour bustled along, although much of a mind now to leave Crittall to go his own way. The chap needn't have been in such a violent hurry. He might have waited.

So Harbour's elation of twenty minutes ago began to give way to a certain amount of annoyance. He had been looking forward to this ramble in company, but apparently he was to be left in the lurch. Cheek of Crittall! Harbour felt ruffled.

Then after plunging in among the cold, towering firs, which stood very silent and solemn, closing around him, he raised his voice and kept calling "Crittall! You here, Crittall?" Later on he knew he would come to larches and birches and kindlier trees than these with their dark, drooping arms; ahead, where the belt of firs broke, there were soft banks and moss, and beeches, and alders, all waiting for spring.

He thought how lovely these woods would become in the spring. But he didn't think so much of them now, after all.

CHAPTER 16

At Roll Call

AND then all of a sudden Harbour felt himself shuddering. There returned to his mind what Senex had said of the woods. And he stood stock still and listened, as though he heard voices, and he thought how dark it was and how gloomy in here, with hardly a peep of sky to be seen through the branches; oh, but perhaps the day had grown darker, yes, that might be it. "Crittall!" he cried out, "Crittall! Halloa! Is that you, Crittall?" For near him he was sure he heard someone moving.

He had found a well-defined track now. He saw branches stirring. But why should the branches be stirring so? Was it the wind? No, there wasn't a mouthful of wind here. He wished that there were, then it wouldn't feel so horribly still.

He snapped his lips. "Steady, old fellow," he said, as he wondered what had come over him to make him feel this way. He had been all alone by himself in a big, silent wood before, but he'd never felt uneasy or wished to be out of it.

"Crittall! Crittall!" he called, and broke into a run.

What a silly ass he was, he told himself sharply. There was nothing in this wood

that could possibly hurt him; the trees couldn't hurt him, the bushes couldn't; the darkness couldn't, the silence couldn't hurt him; what was this horrible feeling of something evil and stealthy creeping around him, and coming to seek him, and closing in from behind? It wasn't running that was causing him to perspire or making his breath come so fast as he sped down the track. He was imagining it all.

"Crittall!" he called for the last time.

But there was no answer.

He stood still, and listened. Then turned and fled up the track.

But he had steadied himself before he returned to the school, intending to have it out with Crittall after roll, to let Crittall know what he thought of people who didn't keep their appointments.

Mr Farrington, one of the junior masters, was taking roll. He was standing in the far Quad on the steps of the library, and the boys began to file past as he called out their names. He had got as far as the C's.

"Cashmore!"

"Here."

"Cheal!"

"Here."

"Crittall!"

There was no answer.

Mr Farrington lifted his eyes from his lists.

"Crittall!" he called out again, in a louder voice, removing his cap to rub the back of his head and giving his gown a little hitch while he waited.

But there was nothing to wait for.

So, putting a tick on his list, Mr Farrington frowned and proceeded on his string of names, and then presently:

"Harbour!"

Dead silence.

"Harbour!" Mr Farrington said with a shout.

Harbour woke up.

"Here, sir," he cried.

"Why didn't you answer your name when I called it first time?"

"I am sorry, sir," said Harbour. "I wasn't thinking."

"You mean you weren't attending."

"Yes, sir," said Harbour.

As a matter of fact, his mind had been busy with Crittall. So Crittall hadn't returned. But paragon Crittall was the last chap to break a rule or miss roll for a lark. It was very rum that Crittall hadn't returned. Whatever was he doing, and where had he gone? If those people could be believed who were off to the slate quarry, he had gone to the wood right enough. But if so, what had become of him? Had he twisted his ankle or hurt himself somehow?

After roll, Harbour thought, he would ask those fellows again whether they were certain they had seen Crittall.

He found two of them. They were confident. Yes, it was Crittall, trotting across the water-meadows. Harbour waited awhile; then he wandered down to the lodge, where he hung about till lock-up; but no Crittall came. He felt uneasy, and rushed rather breathlessly back in the hope that Crittall had sneaked in by some other way. He intended to say to that elusive young man, "What a scare you've given me, Crittall. You are a silly ass. I say, where have you been?" But there wasn't any Crittall to fire it off at.

He felt more uneasy still. He was wondering whether he ought to go to Mr Lakin, which would probably mean getting Crittall into a row, or just sit tight and wait and see what occurred. That ghastly wood! Harbour shivered. But that was ridiculous. He must pull himself together; it wasn't his business. Crittall would roll up all right before Prep; he had probably had leave off till then all the time.

But why should Crittall have leave off? He hadn't mentioned it before dinner.

No, right or wrong, he was going to Mr Lakin; he couldn't stand it any longer. He would just ask Mr Lakin whether Crittall was hurt. "Now, steady," he said, "don't show that you're in a panic." And then he told himself fiercely, "You're not in a panic," as he paused outside Mr Lakin's door for an instant. Nevertheless, as soon as he'd knocked and the voice called, "Come in!" he was conscious that his breath was coming fast—almost as fast as it had come in the wood—and that if he wasn't careful he'd blurt out his errand like some frightened little kid in the Lower School.

But he mustn't start blurting like a miserable kid. No, he must feel his way carefully, to avoid getting Crittall into trouble.

"Keep cool!" he was urging himself as he entered the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO WAKES THINGS UP

BIG Brother Adolphus was so late for his dinner that Mother Jacko began to get anxious.

"I hope he hasn't had an accident," she said—for Adolphus had gone out for a run in his new car.

They had finished dinner and were just getting up from the table when in he came.

"I stopped," he told them, "to give a hand to some chaps who were stranded on the other side of the moor. Their car broke down and they were in a

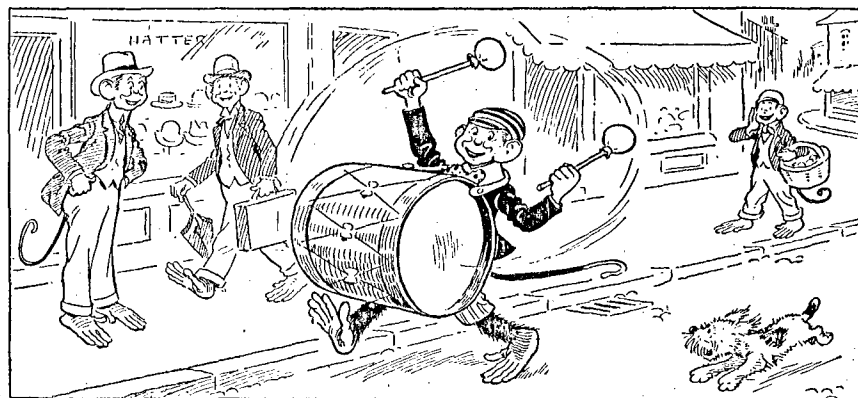
"It's in the car," said Adolphus, nodding over his shoulder. "He's coming back for it when he's fixed things up at the garage."

Jacko slipped out of the house into the lane. The drum was still there, balanced uncertainly on the back seat of the smart little sports model.

Jacko gazed at it with shining eyes.

"Wouldn't I love to have a whack at it!" he murmured.

He glanced round: nobody was looking. He jerked open the door, lifted



He was banging away to his heart's content

frightful hole." And, with his mouth full of beef-steak pudding, he explained that they were members of a band on their way to an engagement.

"They had their instruments with them," added Adolphus. "And pretty hefty some of them looked. I shouldn't care to carry a big drum five miles."

"Cool!" exclaimed Jacko, "I would!"

"But you couldn't get them all into your little car," said Mother Jacko.

"No fear!" replied Adolphus. "I took the chap with the drum. He's gone off to find someone to bring the others along."

"What did he do with the drum?" asked Jacko, thoroughly interested.

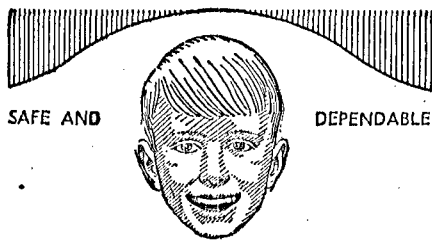
the drum and slipped the strap across his shoulders.

In a minute there was such an uproar that half the population of Monkeyville came running to their doors.

It was only Jacko striding up the High Street, banging away to his heart's content. Bang! bang! bang! Down the street and back again—straight into the arms of the owner!

The poor fellow almost wept when he saw the way his precious drum was being treated. "It'll never be the same again," he wailed.

And when his father had finished with him Jacko thought he would never be the same again either.



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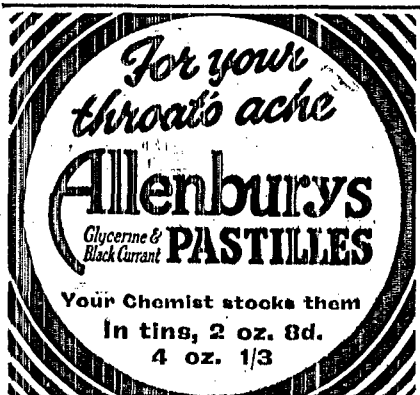
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DO YOU KNOW—

Why coal burns and not a stone?

When the element silicon is burned it makes stone or rock, and once burned the stone naturally cannot be burned again. But coal is made mainly of carbon which has not been burned, and can, therefore, be lighted, as you've seen when coal is put on the fire at home.



Why you shiver when you are cold?

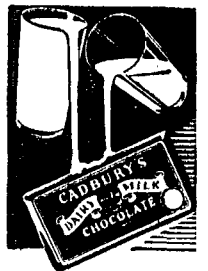
When you shiver on a cold morning nature is warning you. Just as, when you feel hungry, your body is telling you it requires food, so when you shiver, your body is warning you that it needs warming. Shivering makes us aware of the cold when we might not have noticed it, and so gives us the chance to protect ourselves by getting near a fire, by brisk walking, or by putting on more clothes.



How much Milk goes into Cadburys Milk Chocolate?

When you take your twopence to your sweetshop you probably ask for a 2 oz. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. The milk Cadburys use to make this chocolate comes from hundreds of British Dairy Farms. Rich, full-cream dairy milk, which is poured into the chocolate at the wonderful Cadburys factories in the country. And Cadburys are generous. Actually a glass and a half of this

delicious creamy milk goes into every $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. block of Milk Chocolate; half a tea-cup of this milk goes into every 2 oz. block. So now you know exactly how much milk goes into your twopennyworth of chocolate.



Obtainable in 1d. and 2d. Bars.

2 oz. block 2d.

4 oz. block 4d.

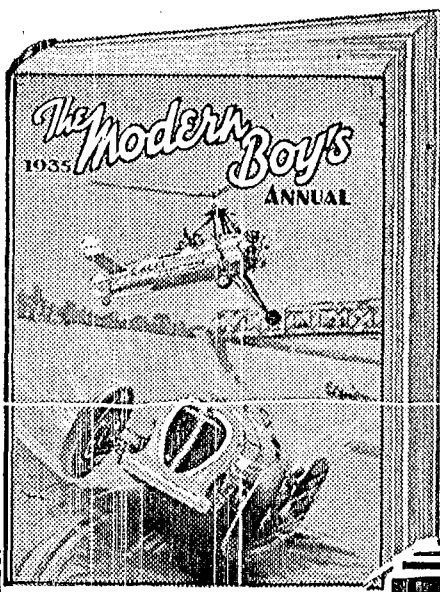
Where the Rainbow ends?

A rainbow seems to come right down and touch the earth, and there are stories about finding the rainbow's end. But it ends nowhere, for it is a mere appearance in the sky, due to tiny drops of water, and the rainbow finishes where the drops of water end that are so placed as to reflect the sunlight in this way to our eyes.



Why a river is always moving?

The water of a river, like everything else on the surface of the earth, is always being pulled as near as possible to the centre of the earth by gravitation. Therefore, the river is always moving down to the place which is nearest to the earth's centre, and this, of course, is the sea.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 22, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

THE BRAN TUB

Three Legacies

A GENTLEMAN, in his will, left legacies to three servants. The amount to be distributed was £140, and the gifts were to be in the same proportion as the length of service of each of the servants.

The footman had been with the gentleman three times as long as the page, and the butler twice as long as the footman.

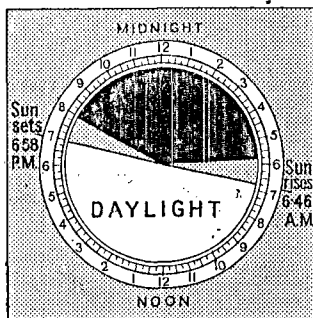
What sum did each servant receive? *Answer next week*

Weighing By Eye

EVERY barge taking a cargo out of the London docks must obtain a pass from an official known as a Barge Searcher.

Actually he does not need to make a search in order to satisfy himself that all is in order. Whether the cargo be coal, wood, sugar, or any other commodity he can tell the weight simply by looking at the depth of water drawn and comparing it with the barge's registered tonnage.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on September 22. The daylight is now getting shorter each day

A Charade

MY first transposed, with wretched skill
Its web perfidious weaves in vain;
Firm as a rock, secure from ill,
O truth, thou art my second still,
And ever wilt remain.
If business press or duty call,
Oh, ne'er attempt to find my whole;
But when you've no more work to do,
All duties well performed, may you
Both find it and enjoy it too.

Answer next week

Ups and Downs

WHAT is it that will go up a chimney down but not down a chimney up, or down a pipe down but not up a pipe up, yet when it has gone down and up a pipe will still go up or down?
An umbrella.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

CAROLINE was very excited about her new garden-party frock. She was having it made by Mummy's dress-maker in London, because she was to present a bouquet to the lady who was to open the Garden Fête.

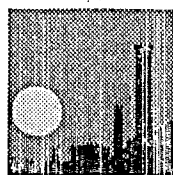
The dressmaker was very busy, but she promised Mrs Stevenson that she would post it to her without fail for the morning of the garden party. And, sure enough, it came.

Caroline could hardly breathe for excitement while her mother removed the layers of crackling tissue paper. Then out of the box came—not Caroline's frock, but a grey silk coat!

"Oh, Mummy!" poor Caroline wailed. "Where's my frock?"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South,



and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Monday, September 24.

Polly Goes to School

BERLIN now has a school of languages for parrots. German, English, and French are taught.

The pupils listen to gramophone records of the headmaster's voice for two hours a day until they can repeat the sentences.

A bright polly learns about 60 words in a month.

Ici On Parle Français



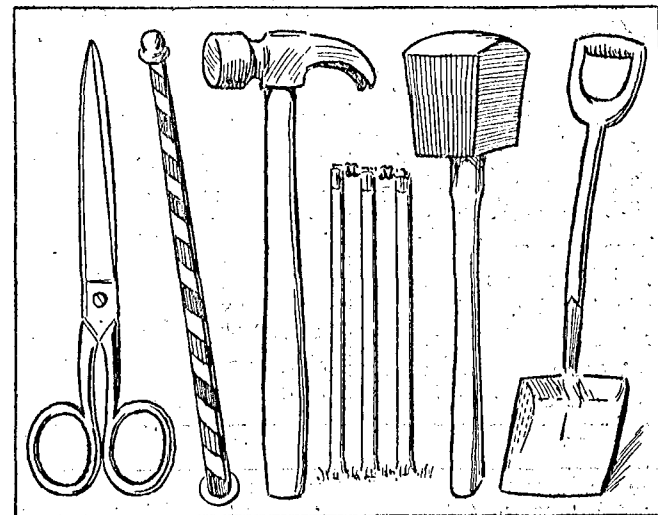
Un escalier Une hirondelle Le calorifère
Stairs Swallow Stove

Un tapis recouvre cet escalier.
L'hirondelle vient au printemps.
Le calorifère chauffe la chambre.

Next Week in the Countryside

THE hedge sparrow begins to sing again. The note of the ring-dove ceases. The herald moth is seen. The drone-fly enters houses. The golden rod is at its best. Beech-mast falls. The tutsan turns brown. Lime leaves are falling. The birch leaves turn yellow. The laurestinus flowers.

A Picture-Word Puzzle



FIND the names of these six objects and place them in such order that two consecutive letters from each will spell a teacher. *Answer next week*

Mixing the Colours

SHUFFLE the letters of the following words in a certain order and you will find the names of six colours.

LOW ELY ROAM ON
AN OGRE GATEMAN
TO LEVI HEW IT

Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

HOW many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to August 25, 1934, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1934	1933
London	4901	4955
Glasgow	1608	1614
Liverpool	1417	1323
Birmingham	1257	1250
Manchester	973	931
Belfast	678	613
Leeds	560	573
Edinburgh	507	482
Newcastle	415	408
Nottingham	357	361
Cardiff	326	285
Southampton	211	231

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Long and Short Of It
320 feet by 280 feet

Do You Know Me?

Lever, revel, ever, Eye

What Am I? Fiddle

The G.N. Cross Word Puzzle

P	R	O	C	R	A	S	T	I	N	A	T	I	O	N
U	S	O	A	R	S	F	I	N	E	N	O			
P	O	G	R	E	A	C	O	A	T	U				
T	M	P	E	N	A	B	L	E	D	O	W	N		
L	O	A	R	A	B	U	S	E	D	A	S			
N	O	W	S	A	I	N	T	E	L	L				
H	E	W	E	R	S	A	S	W	E	L	L			
A	Y	E	S	H	E	A	R	I	E	R	D	S	O	

Dr MERRYMAN

Too Busy

THE village grocer's assistant was very diminutive, and a traveller remarked on the subject. "Well, you see, Mr Smith," replied the lad, "I'm so busy I don't have time to grow."

Not At Any Price

THE poet was reading his verses aloud.

"What a gift!" exclaimed his friend.

"I'm afraid not," sighed the poet. "The editors won't even take them as a gift."

The Kinder Kind



WHEN Peter Pixie built a trap With shafts and all complete, He harnessed up a Mouseland mouse To pull him round the street. The Mouseland mouse said, I don't mind This mousetrap of the kinder kind.

A Helping Hand

THE magistrate looked sternly at Rastus.

"Now then, my man, you may go," he said, "but don't let me see you here again."

"You wouldn't hab seen me dis time, sah," replied Rastus, "only de constable brought me along."

A Flying Start

AN employer was interviewing a youth who had applied for a position.

"What do you know of this business?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied the youth.

"You are engaged," said the Chief. "You are already ahead of some of my staff who have been here years and have not yet learned what you know to begin with."

Take Your Choice

LOOKING up from the magazine he was reading, a man said:

"This is rather silly. The editor says that Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only, but he doesn't say which side."

THE GARDEN-PARTY FROCK

"It really is very annoying!" cried her mother. "I must ring up Miss Thorne and ask her to send it by special messenger."



It was a great success

"But will it come in time?" asked Caroline tearfully.

Mrs Stevenson came back from the telephone more depressed than ever.

"Miss Thorne was out," she said, "but the assistant said that the frock was posted off last night. She can only think that it has been sent somewhere else by mistake!"

"Can't we get it, Mummy?" asked Caroline anxiously.

"I don't see how we can, darling," answered her mother. And at that moment the maid came in to say that Miss Stevenson wanted to see her.

"Miss Stevenson?" queried Mummy. "I don't know anyone named Miss Stevenson! Oh, I believe there is someone of that name just come to live near. I wonder what she wants!"

Poor Caroline dabbed her eyes hard, but in a minute she heard her mother calling her; and she went into the drawing-

room, where Mummy was talking to an elderly lady.

"Look, Caroline!" Mummy cried joyfully, and Caroline saw her pink garden-party frock lying on a chair. "Miss Stevenson goes to my dress-maker too. And that silly Miss Thorne sent your frock to her and sent Miss Stevenson's new coat to us! Run and fetch the box."

Miss Stevenson smiled. "I should never have guessed," she said, "except that Miss Thorne happened to mention that she had a customer with the same name as mine here already. I think I'm as glad to get my coat as you are to have your frock," she added to Caroline. "And now we shall both look very nice!"

The frock was a great success.

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